

STEAM'S UP! DRIVE AHEAD!

THE

SELF-DENIAL

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

WAR CRY



VOL. XI. NO. 6. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, NOV. 10, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE CLUTCH OF DEATH!



"Days and moments swiftly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon must you and I be lying,
Each within our narrow bed."

"Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came."

"As the tree falls, so must it lie,
As the man lives, so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be
All through the days of eternity."

"No Man can Deny Himself, Constrained by Divine Love for the Good of Others, Without Improving His Own Moral Nature and Giving Increased Scope for the Operation of the Divine Spirit Within Him." —THE LATE MR. GENERAL BOOTH.

AND THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE. SEE PICTURE ABOVE.—ED.

THE CLUTCH OF DEATH.

A Miser's Last Awful Moments.

"THOU FOOL, THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE."

THEY BROUGHT HIM A DOLLAR. He took it in his skinny fingers, and grasped it as though in it alone was his only hope in death, for he was DYING.

He counted his wealth by millions, and now, on his death-bed, he looked back upon his misspent life, which had not a good or generous deed to brighten it.

His feet were nearing the dark river, its roar was sounding in his ears.

A man of God entered and sat by his side. The dying man asked him,

"Does the Bible say no rich man can enter the Kingdom of God?"

"Yes," the speaker replied.

"Read it to me."

The man of God read, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for

A Rich Man

to enter the Kingdom of God."

"And you never repeated that to me!" the dying man cried.

The Christian read: "Let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me."

"And yet you have never preached that to me," cried the dying man, and he clutched the dollar as though it was the only saviour that could guide him across the dark sea of eternity.

The day was drawing to a close. The watchers moved noiselessly about the room, conversing in whispers. The son sat down by his father's bedside with dry eyes, thinking of the hundreds of thousands that would soon be

All His Own.

No sound but the ticking of the clock disturbed the stillness of the room. Tick! tick! tick! The face of the dying man grows whiter and his breath shorter. Tick! tick! tick!

Nine o'clock passes slowly by. Night is without, and darkness within, for the dying man is engaged in a deadly combat with an enemy whom man has never yet conquered.

At last, just as the clock struck the hour of twelve, the angel in the belfry of heaven tolled the last hour of the rich man's life, and the struggling form on the bed lay still.

As they were robing him for the grave, his widow stepped to his side and attempted to take the dollar from

The Dead Man's Grasp,

but in vain; the rigid cords and muscles would not relax. In death his hand still clutched the money with a grasp like steel. "Nid the waving of plumes and black crape, and the sound of funeral dirges, he was carried to the cemetery, and there, while the rain poured and the winds howled, the funeral requiems wailed upon the air, and lowered him into the grave. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal;

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." —Matt. 6:19.

The General's New World Tour.

FAREWELL, DEAR GENERAL!

Triumphal Termination to the Eastern Tour.

AFTER A SERIES OF UNPRECEDENTED GATHERINGS

The General Goes to New York.

BY THE INTERNATIONAL "WAR CRY" CORRESPONDENT

Wonderful, beautiful, useful, gigantic St. Lawrence! We have seen it in places (from the cars), in sunshine, in clouds, in moonlight; we have ridden on its broad bosom, rejoiced at the finger of God as displayed in its enchanting scenery, and blushed for dear old Father Thames. This unique water way is 2,000 miles long, and covers 480,000 square miles; though the third in length, it is the largest in volume of earth's rivers.

This mighty stream, the overflow of the five great lakes, has been our constant friend, with whom we have run merrily and exchanged smiles almost daily. For a week, however, we have, through the medium of the "William Booth," become more intimate companions.

Cornwall, a Manufacturing Town.

of 5,000 people, on the banks of the river, was reached in pouring rain on Wednesday evening. But these unfavorable conditions did not deter a capital audience filling the town hall. Here the Naval Brigade, under Staff Capt. Jester, joined forces with us, and helped to make things cheerful with their music. Not that there was a dull moment the whole evening from the beginning when Mrs. Booth sang straight to our hearts, as with her sweet, sanctified voice she so well knows how to do, the finish, two hours later.

The Rev. Mr. Bland remarked that in the City of Washington there were many states, but they were all of military men. Might we not thank God that at last the fame of these warriors was beginning to pale alongside that of the warriors of righteousness, one of whom was present to night. (Applause.)

From the address which Mayor Hamilton read, the sentiments of Cornwall may then be judged.

The Municipal Council

of the town of Cornwall, of which I have the honor to act as representative, feels it fitting that the occasion of your visit should not be allowed to pass without a cordial tribute to you as the originator and leader of one of the most remarkable religious movements of our day. I remember that I speak as the representative of a civic body which has no relation to any form of religious belief or disbelief, save as securing to each perfect freedom of worship, and peaceable and lawful expression. But that civic body, as charged with the furtherance of the well-being of the community, cannot but recognize, amidst all differences, the value of every form of religious belief that teaches men to fear God and work righteousness."

Dr. Aiglure assured the General that by his words he had at least inspired every Cornwall Christian with the certainty that His blood can cleanse the vilest; while the Rev. J. L. Weeks rejoiced that the God who had raised up Moses and Lincoln had also raised up General Booth, to effect the glorious liberty of physical, moral, and spiritual slaves.

Over \$70 was the very good financial outcome.

Under the same unfavorable weather conditions we got to Prescott by car next morning, Thursday, in time for refreshments, and a 2 o'clock meeting in the pretty Methodist church. Prescott has

made a mark in the brewing and distilling line. A good portion of its 3,000 inhabitants turned up to welcome and get fixed up by the Army's General. The whole service was of a lively, enjoyable, spiritual character, and the General's earnest pleading for a following of Christ literally, and not when they had taken all the backbone out of it, seemed to fall upon heading ears.

In speaking of our Social operations the General told the Mayor, Mr. J. Steele, that if ever he came to England, we should not only be glad to show him round, but to sell him a dinner for a penny, "especially as you have given me such a good one, sir."

In the most little address which was read, and numerously signed by many influential residents, the sentiment was expressed that though the pleasure of an acquaintance had been heretofore unknown, yet the fame of the General's good work had gone before him. It might be taken as a sign of the

Intelligence of the Canadian People that they had tendered him such a gracious welcome since his landing on their shores. May his visit to Cornwall stimulate and inspire, not only his own soldiers, but all who come within hearing.

The Mayor then introduced "one of England's greatest men, General Booth." (Warm approval shown by clapping of hands and stamping of feet.)

At the conclusion of this meeting, joined by a number of the Prescott comrades and friends, a chartered steamer bore us away to Brockville, a considerable sized town of 8,000, and with many and varied manufacturers, situated at the foot of the "Lake of the Thousand Islands." Our boat of the river is United States territory, and comes, gently several "Stars and Stripes" Salvationists jumped at the opportunity of a premature

Hall, Dear General."

By the way they frisked about in their exhilaration—one of them who had driven twenty-four miles, and had two breakdowns, rushing after the General like a mountain torrent to shake his hand—he will have a devouring welcome on the other side.

Receptions are as plentiful just now as blackberries in England, but Brockville gave us one of the best—till the next one came along. When the General had taken up a position in front of the massive Town Hall, which stands in a square, at each corner of which church spires stand sentinel, Mayor Culbert, unable to read the address which had been prepared, owing to the growing darkness, very self-sacrificingly gave the General the opportunity of at once speaking to the

Passing Multitudes

who besieged the front of the building. Garde made the most of it, as he always does pouring forth words of fire upon his soldiers, whom he aptly described as "great celestial Socialists." Christians generally, the civic authorities, and the poor sinner, whose heart had never responded to a Saviour's love.

Need it be stated that the Methodist Church was utterly crowded? One of the ministers on the platform prayed "that the visit of Thy servant may be the means of kindling a fire that no means the devil can employ shall be able to put out."

The address now got a chance. In eloquent terms it bore testimony to "happy homes and respectable God-fearing citizens that can be traced to the Army's work" Praise God for this public and authoritative avowal. In the absence of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Griffiths, who wired his regrets and blessings, Rev. C. J. Cameron (St. Johns, Presbyterian) officiated as chairman,

and doared that in this city the Army had always kept prominently to the front the truth that sinners may be washed in the blood of the Lamb and the universal brotherhood of man.

Later on, and after an address of plain power from the General had stirred the heart-depths, and also the intelligent appreciation of the congregation, Mr. Ex-Mayor Derbyshire and Rev. W. A. McKenna (First Presbyterian) voiced the meeting's feelings. The latter remarked that the Salvation Army had arisen to supply the lack of the churches to deal with the neglected masses. No detriment to the organization, the worse for the churches, and the more honor to this organization. (Applause.) We need more of this

Hand-to-Hand Practical Religion.

A tramp once said to a Presbyterian deacon, who was slowly eating off a slice of bread, combined a sermon with the operation, and then went on to teach us the Lord's Prayer. "You say God is your Father and my Father?" "Yes." "Then you are my brother. Can't you eat the slice a little bigger?" (Much laughter.) The churchmen wanted to eat the slice a good deal bigger. (Applause.) The Chairman added a plea for a practical recognition of the Army's work. Mr. Comstock, who was among the audience, and who is a most enthralling orator, most ardently entreated the General, the Commandant, and Mrs. Booth

The "William Booth"

The waters had tried to engulf her, the flames to cremate her, yet here she was, buoyant as a cork, her myriad-penned riggery smiling and bowing, and anxiety to welcome to her bosom her great mammoth and General. As she lay alongside Brockville dock, she looked the very embodiment of a gladious Salvationist spirit. Her was a proud tare, and she panted to fulfil it. Long waved the handkerchiefs, and loud rang the cheers of the crowd gathered ashore, to which the General again and again responded. The weather put on its sweetest aspect, and in a few salutes we were joyously navigating the sinuosities of the Thousand Islands. (In reality, the number is much nearer 2,000.) These "beauty spots" vary from hundreds of acres to mere land spots, surrounded, perhaps, by a solitary tree. Upon many of them thousands of dollars have been lavished—chiefly by rich Americans—in the erection of summer residences, hotels, etc., while others are the favorite camping-ground of religious bairies. To these the stirring strains of salvation music wafted from the Naval Brigade's Band, and wave offering "Thank you's" would be sent back by the dwellers in these paridical shades.

The "William Booth" is one of the following capabilities and dimensions: 75 feet long; 12 feet beam; 25 tons; draw 5 feet of water; sleeping accommodation for 16; will carry 120 passengers; a cabin for six and a small state room; pantry; cards 4 tons of coal in bunkers; speed, 11 knots per hour. To say she glided through the water is not enough;

She keeps the Waves

in careering competition. So fast had she taken us that we were enabled to follow a longer and more interesting course. Even then we would have reached our destination too soon, so slowed down. Also when the time came for getting up steam again, leakage was found in the boiler—and trace of the burling out the vessel suffered—and presently, with time rapidly expiring, we lay "becalmed," the anxious crowds on Gananoque wharf just outlined a few miles ahead. Fortunately, Gananoque does a thing with all its might. Was not General Booth as much and more worthy of honor as any warrior that has ever lived, coming, as he did, with banners, on which were inscribed deeds of love and mercy only? So the factories, works, and stores had closed down, and a committee representing all phases of civic and religious life, needed the people to the docks to receive the Army hero in a befitting manner.

As the "William Booth" did not appear to be making much progress, the happy thought occurred to deputes to make a friendly investigation. As a result, they lent us a helping hand in

the shape of a rope, and very quickly the General was being cheered ashore. The Citizens' Band (who gratuitously supplied their services), and the Naval Brigade struck up, and an imposing procession of flags and banners,

Councillors and Ministers,

Salvationists and townspersons, headed for the Market Square, Colonel McKenzie acting as marshal. Stretched across one of the principal streets which the march passed through was a big lettered motto, "Ganarac greets the great Social Reformer."

The General, council, and others, took possession of the band stand, while a huge crowd occupied the surrounding space.

Mayor Cowan, on behalf of the committee, of whom Mr. Freeman Britton, editor of the *Reporter*, was chairman, graciously presented

A Cordial Address.

The lateness of the hour prevented the reading of other addresses which had been prepared, so, after a hearty, but brief reply, from the General, there was an adjournment, quickly followed by a large gathering at the Presbyterian church. There could not have been a better finish to what had been regarded as a holiday occasion by the town than this fine, helpful, inspiring meeting.

The General made good capital out of the afternoon's steamship incident.

"The Captain," he said, "told me we ought to be going at the rate of ten knots an hour, but we were not making much more than five because of the fire that was inside."

"My comrades, if it was not for the fire we should go backwards instead of forwards. Never stop because you are 'going too fast,' for the Kingdom of God and the souls of men, and never let anyone else stop you. Never mind if they call you mad, or fool, or Salvationist—which some people think is a great reproach. Every body who thinks the other way, say 'Amen.' (Sounding volley) Ah, that will do the church good."

"A little time after slowing down, and when we wanted to get up steam again, we found that one of the pipes leaked, and we could not manage it. I wonder how many people gather round me and say, 'Do thyself no harm,' instead of saying, 'Go on.' The devil goes about seeking whom he may devour, but if there is a big fire inside he can't stand it, it is only the

Dead Fish or Swallows."

There should be—God grant there may—a plenteous aftermath to the glory of God, and the benefit of this thriving, industrial town.

That famous old Limestone City, Kingston, was once the Capital of Upper Canada. It stands at the foot of Lake Ontario, where the St. Lawrence begins. Its public buildings, ecclesiastical and benevolent, are many—Queen's College, the penitentiary, and the asylum particularly noteworthy—its manufactures varied; it is fertilized, and its population is given at 25,000 by the 1888 census. Above and beyond this let the fact be added that it is the Headquarters of Brigadier Scott and staff, from whence the affairs of his Province are directed.

Our party were conveyed to Kingston in two companies—one by train, the other per boat.

A great crowd gathered early in the afternoon opposite the platform which had been erected outside the shambles, the "inner lines," composed of enthusiastic Salvation soldiers in full "war paint" of uniform, bands and banners, with welcome badges and sashes adorning their persons, and a large portrait of the General before their eyes, as the centrepiece of the ever-green arch spanning the platform. It was especially pleasing to see

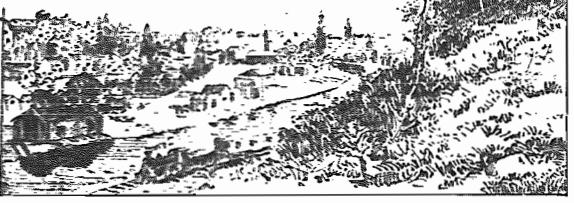
A Number of Juries.

Ottawa, Cornwall, Picton, and other corps were represented, all exuberated to fever height at another chance of a fiasco in glad and glorious welcome pie.

Volleyed down the square, with the weather just changed, "bad" to "good." The General entered the public buildings, was received by the Mayor and corporation and the ministers of the town, and then took his place before the hummed and expectant audience. Handshakings and voices were exercised to the utmost.

In reply to the address read by Mayor Herald, the General, though suffering from physical weariness, delivered one of the most heart-searching and war-like speeches of the tour.

Lindsay is named, well and worthily, after a poor axe-man, who perished in the survey of the cedar swamp, through the heart of which Kent Street was carried.—*Picturesque Canada.*



"I rejoice to know," he said, "that the S.A. is the friend of every work and every worker that has divinity in it. Sir, the very essence of the religion of the real, true-born Salvationist, that which dominates and controls his whole life is love—love of God, and love of good. He has got the religion of the martyrs, the religion of the apostle, the religion of Jesus Christ, and of the great Father of us all; for God is love, and he is going to the heaven of love, where he will be blessed for evermore. (Ringling volleys.) Of course, (turning a keen eye upon the all-attention soldiers beneath) 'if you stay in your churches and barracks, and play your music, and be amused with your uniforms, and

Walk about in Your Pipe Clay, I don't suppose that that sort of soldiering will bring you many blows, wounds, or crosses; but you will get all these if you go out and fight the foe, and if you have got good for him let his back again. I say, fight with these roaring fangs of hell—the giants that are stalking about our streets, running and crushing the life out of the people.' (Eustachian volleys.)

Then, turning to the crowds with pathetic yearning. "We meet, we part, we shall soon come to the close of life; every eye that looks at me, and my eyes that look at you, will soon be closed in the last struggle, these feet will soon grow cold in the river of death; we shall soon be at the judgment-bar. Oh, I charge you before God that you so spend your lives and conduct yourselves in such a manner as you have reason to believe will give you satisfaction in those great and trying and testing hours."

While the soldiers and friends adjourned in large numbers to a splendidly-got-up banquet in a public room near, the General was driven away to Queen's University, the guest of whose Principal—Dr. Grant—he was. Here he at once addressed a numerous body of students who had assembled in the Convocation Hall.

"Men touch the cross of Christ with the tips of their fingers," he told them, and it was the insidious atheism found in the church pews that was dangerous. "The most damnable thing at present is that men can talk of the things of God without having experienced them."

"What are you going to do with your lives?" he solemnly asked.

"Never Mind your Future, if by that you mean temporal things. Three times have I left everything in the world except that twice I had my wife and children left, and each time God has brought me more."

If they were going to be doctors, let it not be to make a living, but to serve God; if they were going to be lawyers—well, he

had known some lawyers who were beautiful fellows, but not many of them. He had not known many press men who were thoroughly sanctified men, the General admitted; he thought if there were any they might find work on the *War Cry*.

"I claim your life for Christ, and for the benefit of mankind," was the powerful conclusion of a talk which left deep marks. May God make it a permanent one!

An Evening Harvest.

"Paini, yet pursuing," may surely describe the condition of our Army Joshua as he faced yet another congregation at night, this time mainly composed of his own officers and soldiers in the school-rooms of the First Congregational Church. He "talked as the Spirit gave him utterance" is the most appropriate way we can fathom of conveying an idea of the turning, detecting, loving words that poured from his heart in uninterrupted streams. When we add that twenty-one seekers lined the front, the finishing fact is added to an occasion of great good and great glory.

A Day of Divine Deeds.

In from the keen crispness of the Sunday morning air—marched a big regiment of soldiers with the many friends and outsiders, almost filling the spacious barracks, which seats 1,200 or 1,300. Built in 1884. The place has twice been burnt down, but characteristic perseverance erected it a third time. Beautiful torts, beautifully executed set of the walls, to one of which the General subsequently pointed and emphasized. "His blood can make the vilest clean." Whoever hung that side wall with this lovely motto has done a deed for eternity.

Kingston folks can fire a volley. Headed by Brigadier Scott, they discharged such a fusillade the three bands joining in—as well might deus competition. This was at sight of the General's approach, who was soon returning the compliment with volleys of convicting comments, queries, entreaties, and demands.

"I am glad it is God Who justifies me. I am glad that it is not the newspaper people, or the pharisees, or the saloon-keepers. They don't like General Booth. But I am not angry with the saloon-keepers, bless their hearts! I'd like to see any one of them at the penitent-form—and I have seen a publican there now and then, and even a newspaper man." Laughter and volleys greeted this practical commentary on one of the verses in the General's reading; but the sentence he fixed on from the chapter to specially deal with was

"More Than Conquerors." He defined this as having strength to win,

Stoney Lake, on the way to Peterboro'.



and a little over strength to thrash the devil, and enough strength left to beat another. There was provision in God's grace for this.

Why, then, were so comparatively few Christians thus triumphant? In going to the root reasons, the General placed in the forefront, "Because they don't fight, and those who don't fight are sure to backslide."

"You will have a hard struggle if you are going to get your husband saved, misers, but you must stick at it. And you, husband, if you are going to get your wife saved, you must stick to it. And you, officer, if you are going to keep the colors flying, and get a host to meet you in glory, you will have a hard time of it. All the folks that have taken it smoothly down here will be

Our Boothblacks up There."

If you want to have a white horse and ride through the streets of glory, you must bear the cross down here. If your life is going to be a copy of the Lord Jesus Christ, you must fight."

Again the General asked, "Why is not every saint victorious?" and replied, "A great many, who once loved and served God, are now walking about the streets, lounging in the drinking saloons and theatres, trying to amuse themselves with the baubles of the world, but for all that, miserable backsliders, there they are wandering about with 'Backslader' written upon them. There is

Something Horrid

in this, that a man is not ashamed to be known by his wife, a father by his boys, as a renegade, a runaway, a despiser of Jesus' love. He was once on the doorstep of heaven, and then for some paity cause allowed His Lord to shift as best He could, and settled down to his own comfort and amusement.

"Oh, these broken vows—these broken vows—these broken vows that are going to be presented in the judgment! What a picture they will make!

"I watched our steamer going up the St. Lawrence, and it needed some sort of skill to tell which way we were going. You had to fix your eye upon some landmark. Then the fire was let out; she stopped, and began to go back. So with a great many people—they begin red-hot. They say, 'Let us wake everybody up.' Then almost *magically* they cool down, down, down, till presently the fire goes out, and they begin to drift back the stream. Has the fire gone out here? Are you the master of your body, your mind, and the devil? How do you get on in soul-saving?

"Oh, that is the Minister's Business."

"Oh, where do you find that you are not responsible for your wife's, your husband's, your children's salvation? Where's the chapter and verses?

"Officers, soldiers, are you the masters of the people in your meetings, or are the people the masters of you? They come to me with all sorts of excuse. They say, 'Politics are strong here,' or 'Certain notions prevail.' I reply, 'But you are to be the masters, and to make your religion prevail.'

Once more the General wanted to know why more professed followers of Christ were the conquered instead of conquerors, and very emphatically placed it to the account of disobedience. "What should we think of a servant who came to us, and to whom we gave a list of the things we wanted done, acting in this way, 'One, two, three—yes, I will do that. Four—no, I don't think I shall like that; I won't do that. Five—I will do that; I always liked it from a child. Six, seven—yes. Eight—no; I can't go out there in the cold. Nine—they will call me a fool if I do that.' "I should say to that servant," remarked the General, "How much are your wages? 'So much.' 'There's the balance. Good morning.' Is that the way you have treated the Almighty? Have you never said to Him, 'Oh, Thou sweet, beautiful, will of God, whether it bring me fortune or loss, smile or curse, blessed, beautiful, sweet will of God, I embrace it all?' Now, this morning, come along."

Two men volunteered before there was time to start a chorus.

"Now before we sing," urged Colonel Lawley, "I am sure there is a sister who ought to come."

Brigadier Scott: "I am sure there is."

Immediately a sister steps forward, and another close behind. We sing the old-fashioned way, and the Holy Ghost impels nine others to embrace the "sweet, beautiful will of God."

In the Penitentiary."

The Provincial Penitentiary is a prominent structure in approaching Kingston by water, with its massive walls and towering dome. It is more than a mile out of the city, and will accommodate 600 inmates. Eminent authorities have certified this penal institution to be one of the best managed in existence. Twine-making, farming, quarrying, and tailoring are carried on as industrial pursuits for the men. All who have sentences of over two years' duration are sent here. About

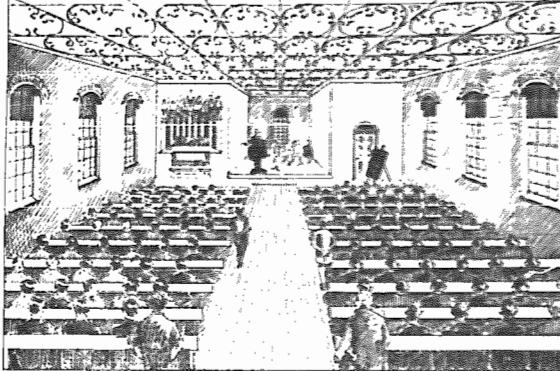
Forty Female Prisoners

are also accommodated. The establishment is maintained at a yearly cost of \$120,000.

At the request of these poor fellows themselves, the General gladly availed himself of the opportunity of speaking to them. At a quarter past two on Sunday afternoon, four hundred of them assembled in the large form-seated chapel—for the most part, strong-looking, healthy fellows, in the prime of life. We saw no broad-shouldered garments, and but for the closely cropped hair should scarcely have known them from ordinary working men. And yet there was about the place and its inhabitants—on the way in, we had passed numbers of dray-looking culs—something as the General said, made him long to do something for them.

Who shall say that he did not? His loving, practical, prayerful words were those of a soul afire for their temporal and eternal welfare, and though discipline repressed any audible expression of feeling, fixed, serious attention, and forward bent heads betokened the effect produced inside.

"I am here to help you. I am here because I believe there is hope for you both on earth and in heaven! For your sakes I have had a great deal of care and labour heaped upon me. Still I go on, and mean to go on until your cases are restored to character, Christ, and Heaven."



The General Addressing the Prisoners in the Kingston Penitentiary.

These opening sentences, spoken with a feeling that all must have felt well*

Straight Heartward.

The General proceeded:—"What you want in order to be happy is a clear conscience and the assurance that God is with you. In this relation, and in regard to what we call temporal relations, there is a course you can take that will guarantee the one and secure the other. You can be sure of this inside happiness, of the favor of God, of the forgiveness of sins, of a death-bed of peace and of blissful eternity: and it is also quite possible that you may regain your freedom, your lost reputation, and walk about the earth as good and honest citizens with the respect of those round about you.

"Now, I am not talking about that which I do not know. I am not aware how many you number in this room, but I suppose I have as many of this class in England alone whom we have taken from such circumstances as yours—from the prison gates—and under our care they have begun at the bottom of the ladder and climbed up until many of them are in situations in which the past is forgotten by those round about them, and in many instances the past is never known. I could tell you stories, if I had time, that would cheer you. Why, the boots I have on my feet were made by a man whose first crime was a

burglary when only 15 years of age. Altogether

He Did 20 Years

—his last service being seven years for having burglarious tools in his possession. When he came out of prison he was *mad* against society, and there was some little excuse for him, because he had struggled hard for employment, that he bought a revolver, determined to blow the brains out of the first man that interfered with him, and then to shoot himself. He, however, met two Salvationists who spoke to him so kindly that he told them his story, and they sent him to go to our Prisoners' Home. He has been there two or three years, and I believe he is soundly converted. He is the manager of our Boot and Shoe Department, and walks about literally a new creature.

"But for

This Two-Fold Salvation,

two things are necessary.

"First, that you should seek, if you have never sought it, with all your hearts from God Himself.

Forgiveness of Sins.

I am talking now the same sort of thing that I say to people in our big halls—to ladies and gentlemen—for we are all sinners before God. I have no hesitation in saying that no one in this hall has been worse than I should have been if God had not met me when a boy, and led me to give myself to Him, and get the pardon of my sins. There is no other chance for you, no other way but to go right down in your soul before the Blessed God Who gave His Son for you: Who holds you a rebel against His authority; and Who, if you do not get His forgiveness, will put you into His prison, and you will never get out of it. It is all nonsense, and rot, and rubbish, for people to talk about there being no hell. Do you think the Dominion of Canada has got a jail, and that God Almighty has not got one? You know when

do, I will go about doing good; finding out my old mates and those whom I did evil with, and telling them of this change which God has wrought. God will be your Friend, Christ your Saviour, and heaven your home.

"Having got this new character, when you get out of here, if God should, in His mercy, open the way, and you ask what you shall do then, if nobody else will befriend you,

We poor Salvationists Will.

You have always got a friend in a Salvationist. You have only to go to him and say, 'Help me,' and he will do so. Not that he will *merely* give you a meal, but make a way by which you can

Get Back Your Reputation,

find you some sort of employment by which you can earn that which will sustain you until a pathway is opened to other and better things. Therefore I put before you the possibilities of your regaining what you have lost, and making this place, instead of a curse, a blessing; instead of a way to hell, a path to heaven; instead of these people about you being your deepest enemies, and enemis, as it were, they will become your friends, and help you forward again to goodness and holiness and life.

"Now, my men, what do you say? It is you who are at stake. Every man here is the most important to himself of anything else in the world. You, you, YOU have sacrificed a lot of your life, thrown it away, lost it. Many of you, I see, are young men; many, have no doubt, are strong men. What are you going to do with yourselves? Won't you say, 'I will have myself?'

"There is only one way—by getting right with God and securing strength from Him to do all things that are right. That I do; and then you will be as free as I am to do good, to love God, and to serve Him. You who are here this afternoon under circumstances that are depressing and discouraging, you can ultimately become as the very angels of heaven.

"May God bless you, make you think, and help you to decide to take the course that will bring you

Hope, Joy, and Gladness

for this world and the next."

Then the white head of our pitying yearning General bent in prayer:

"At the beginning we sang,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Lord, Thou art the Lover of my soul; Thou didst die for me: but, Lord, Thou art no more the Lover of my soul than Thou art of the men who sit on these seats. Oh, that we might hope that all these men might literally, truly, really fly to Thy bosom and find in it rest, salvation, hope, joy, freedom, and comfort in this life, and happiness in the life to come!"

"What a Friend we have in Jesus!"

was heartily sung, led by the organ, and the Chaplain thanked the General most cordially for his address, trusting that his words would never be forgotten by those who had listened. Courteous wardens swung open the ponderous doors, and the General was rapidly borne to

The Risk Engagement.

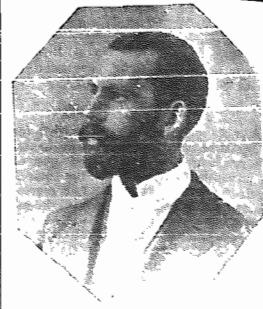
Dismal weather, intensely cold, with rain and sleet, was not in favor of filling this engagement, but the local press stated that the 3,000 necessary to fill it were forthcoming. Principal Grant acted as President, remarking that he regarded General Booth as an instrument raised up by God to teach the church some much needed lessons. The church would learn this by embiting the spirit which animated the S. A.

The Chilling Atmosphere

of the unheated Rink did not seem to affect the life and fire of the cheering audience which followed. Speaking of the meeting just held at the prison, he said he had no hesitation in saying that under his scheme, out of those 400 men, not more than fifty of them would have been there. More than that, he would undertake that instead of the Dominion spending \$120,000 upon their maintenance, they should entirely support themselves by their labor.

Glory to God! That's True!

I have little room or time left for what was, after all, the momentous battle of the week-end. By this time, the General was causing no little anxiety to the Command-



The Rev. R. Johnston, Lindsay.

ant and Mrs. Booth and Colonel Lawley, lest he should seriously suffer from the over-wrought nerves and bodily exhaustion which his Herculean labors had induced. But who can hope to do the General from springing to the wheel when saving is involved? In the cold, chilling Rink he walked, almost faltered, but pursued again the reality of the assistance of the Divine Arm which makes him, as he said later on, wonder that he can do a tithe of the work he gets through. "And I could not do it if God were not with me."

It was a marvellous, a sublime combination of effort and faith which brought the total of pentent-form captures up to fifty-five. The General completely swing away into an overwhelming torrent of fire-lit inspiration. The mighty stream of

Penetrating Truth

surged and boomed about the hearts of the sinners till it breached the curtains, broke over the walls of prejudice, indifference, and excuse, and saturated the conscience to the core! Oh, how sinners perchance awoke up on the rocks and say, "I am going to stand. I can boast. God is strong, long arms can reach you, and only one thing can save you from being pulled down and dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel and that is the blood of Jesus Christ." If Kingston does not repeat, so much the worse will it be for her in the day of judgment than for Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Don't run away," the perspiring leader of the Lord's hosts pathetically entreated as heads were bowed for prayer. "Give Jesus a few moments." There is somebody here who promised a dear one in Old Egypt that they would meet them in heaven. You would not do so if you were to die tonight. They have been waiting for you a long time on the hills of glory wondering when you will come home!"

And the potent and helpful factor in the battle was the tender pleading of Mrs. Booth's song,

"Come home, poor sinner, to Jesus, come home."

an influence that had added much to the power of our meetings everywhere and that we have lost for a while, at any rate, owing to the seriously relaxed state of her dear youngest child, which necessitated her returning to Toronto by the Sunday (midnight) train. The Commandant, too, brought all his experience and

Holy Ingenuity

to bear upon the final and sustained charge. Now was this all, for Colonel Lawley, every now and again, superintended operations with a holy daring that meant victory, while each and all of the leaders mentioned took turns at personally bayoneting the people in their seats. The way that these remained, in spite of the depressing, disconcerting cold, was another of the wonders of that wonderful contest.

In straight response to the General's "Come home," a man leaped the seats—the first of the twenty-one who ultimately returned. Towards the close, they came in groups. At an early juncture, Colonel Lawley, coming on to the platform from the side of a man with whom he had been reading, he remarked, "He whispered to me just now, 'I am afraid I'm to die. No, he is not.'"

The General (with intense fervor), "Glory to God, that's true!"

Early Monday morning Brigadier Scott met the many officers who had come into Kingston, at the barracks. The General, as had been feared, was very poorly indeed, but he struggled to the yacht, which was to take him to Picton. How the journey was performed the Gay correspondent can only state from hearsay, for he was among the quartette who ran to the wharf to find

Peterboro' is now entering on the dignity of a city: but the name very properly takes back our thoughts to 1825, and to the condition of Scott's Plains, when Peter Robinson led thither his first band of Irish immigrants. After building a long boat, he made a preliminary ascent of the Otonabee with twenty-five native Canadians, and thirty of the healthiest of the immigrants. Mr. Robinson adds: "Not one of these men escaped the ague and fever, and two died."—*Picturesque Canada.*



the "William Booth" steaming out of sight. Fortunately, rail was available; unfortunately for those aboard, the starting adventure was lost, owing to a too affectionate mad-bank; the result was that the prepared public reception, much to the little town's disappointment, had to be foregone. The

Big Barracks Banquet

shared a better and deserved fate.

Twelve to 1,000 people—or the largest audience since some famous meetings in 1866-7—filled the First Methodist Church. At the Commandant's suggestion, we started with the doxology, and in view of the General's presence, it was more than usually appropriate.

Mr. G. W. McMullen, a prominent Methodist and the General's host, declared that he occupied the position of chairman on this occasion with more pleasure than any in a public capacity before. We had all round as a social unrest which wise men might well consider. What was going to relieve these great seething masses of poverty and crime? The General had undertaken, in a noble way, to deal with them. (Applause.)

"We are sincere," read Mayor Laird, from the address presented, "of encouraging you to the utmost to complete the plans you have formulated for the relief of the helpless and the suffering."

It was visibly a great effort to the General to speak, but he recuperated as he proceeded in the marvellous manner we in England have so often witnessed, until his own enthusiasm caught his congregation alike. "It was true," he said, "writing the world-wideness of his Social aims, "that the miseries of large cities were at present absent, say, from Picton, but they had the germs, that were gradually coming into life, and which, unless dealt with, would produce as plenteous

A Crop of Vice

and sin as elsewhere. Their chairman had referred to the need of the church going lower down. Yes, she would have to go lower down, or else the people and things that were lower would drag her down. It was all very well for them in Canada to say, "Oh, it is that wicked old England!" He replied, "Wait till your chimney has smoked as long as ours has, and then no doubt it will have as much soot in it."

In a bird's-eye glance at Army operations all over the globe, the General made pathetic and fond mention of the promotion to glory of "a very beautiful saint—a Russian Princess belonging to an old dynasty, in whose arms the present Czar's mother died, who nursed the Princesses of Edinburg, and who went in and out of the palace, and conversed with the Empress with the greatest familiarity. She was brought to Christ in connection with our

work at Paris. At the last series of big meetings held in London she came forward to make a full confession of herself, with her face shining like that of an angel. Now she has gone—perhaps the first Russian Salvationist to enter the Kingdom.

Is moving thanks to the General, Rev. McPhail (Presbyterian) asserted.

"We all

Belong to the S. A.

and must help the General if we are true to God and humanity."

"It is the old-fashioned gospel, the common work of life saving, which Jesus Christ has entrusted to all His disciples; it is救人 the saving, not only of the soul, but of the body, the home, the nation. I am a believer in this great method; it is practical Christianity. After what we have heard I hope our thoughts will go beyond this comfortable town to the poor of our city centres, and even to the sinful and sorrowing of other lands. I rejoice in the great S. A." This was the vigorous scion from the pastor, Rev. Mr. Campbell.

A night's rest appeared to have considerably refreshed our dear leader. No sooner had he passed through the little crowd at the dock and got to the cabin of our steamer, than he remarked, "I think I must say something to them," and made his way on deck for that purpose. The delight of the assembled, from the stranger to the schoolboy, was too keen to be repressed. They crowded to the side, and "hooked" every word and look.

The General said he remembered standing one day in the market town of Barnsley, England, when a collier's trophy came into the ring and testified that God had made him "fit to live and ready to die." No man was fit to live until he was ready to die!

The Cowardly Notice

that they could serve the world, please themselves, while they had health and strength, and on their dying bed offer God the last embers of their existence was a mean and miserable way of doing things.

What the General urged was that in their youth, and manhood, and prime, they should give their whole being to Him to do His will on earth, as they hoped one day to do it in heaven. He added: "And you soldiers here, give my love to your comrades. You are my hope, my anticipation for the future! Live for God, walk with Him. Come out from the world in reality! Consecrate all to the King! If you want to know how to live and suffer, look at Christ. Then sinners will be saved, and He will make you a great power in the land."

"You who belong to other organizations, do the same. And you who do not belong to Christ at all, come and live for eternity."

If the greetings had been cordial, they were now affectionate, and seemed to say,

"We will treasure up your words, dear General!" For out into the Bay of Quinte they followed us, till

Distance Curtailed

them from view. We were now between Prince Edward County and the mainland, and did a speedy run to a little town on the latter named Deseronto. Mr. E. W. Ruthburn, Mayor, and General Manager of the great Ruthburn Company, headed a welcome of the heartiest description, first taking the General and the Commandant home to his fine residence for dinner, and introducing them there some miladies of the town and the kindly editor of the local journal.

In a sense, Mr. Ruthburn stands in a unique relation to most of Deseronto's 4,000 residents. The company, of which he is the capable business head, employ nearly all the male labor in the place. They own and operate about 150,000 acres of timber lands under Government license; 57,000 acres of crooked land, and 7,750 acres of timber "rights." Saw mills, ranch, deer, and blind, terra-cotta and brick factories, flour mill, grain elevator, chemical works, car and gas works, and a general store belong to them. But the company has extensive operations elsewhere, some as far afield as Liverpool, England.

Not only did Mr. Ruthburn exhibit the greatest interest in the General's visit and the work of the Army, but gave a practical turn to it by allowing his "hands"

Two Hours Off

to attend the meetings in the Methodist Church, previous to which the town band had serenaded outside the house. He so prided, genially acknowledging himself incapable of expressing the welcome he felt inside towards the man who was one of God's great workers in saving souls and doing good to the children of men.

Brief as was the time for speaking, the General skillfully interwove appeal with explanation, assuring his hearers finally that "the beauty of heaven will lick the beauties of Canada hollow." At another juncture, he earnestly upheld the saving of the worst and the lowest, exclaiming, "Are there men and women wallowing about this earth, then, who cannot be regenerated? Men and women who were redeemed by Christ's blood, who cannot be put right? Why, the teaching of Jesus Himself is that the publicans and the sinners go into the Kingdom above before the righteous people! Can it be done?" The S. A. is the answer.

A triumphal send-off was given the General at the wharf, which place he left with an aching head, but gladdened by heart. A dear old grandmother tried to get near just as the "William Booth's" screw began to revolve, but could not pass the human barrier blocking her path. Seeing this, the General, smilingly, said, as he

walked the deck to where she stood with outstretched hand, "I must shake hands with you, mother. God bless you."

Two more hours on the bay, and

Our Final Trip

in the trim little yacht was safely and satisfactorily accomplished. We were in beautiful Belleville, whose population is 11,000. The place is a happy combination of natural beauty and modern manufacture. There are miles of splendid avenues, roads, whose shady vistas cool and delight, while seen by moonlight they boast all fictitious fairytale retreats.

"To-day," said the "Daily Sun," "Belleville is to be honored by a visit from one of the greatest men of this generation." And the beautiful little city gave him a beautiful reception. Met by Mr. R. Richardson, of the Bank of Montreal, who entertained him, the General was escorted to the City Hall, where, on a large platform, aided by the rays from an oil lamp, and in the hearing of some thousands of people, Mayor Walmsley and leading gentlemen in the ministerial, medical, legal, and commercial circles of the community, read or spoke addresses full of sympathy, appreciation, cheer, and blessing. Nearly an hour was thus occupied in speaking what the General characterized as "kind words that can never die."

400 Guests Banqueted

In the great butter market, but grandest was when, at night, the magnificent Methodist Church in Bridge Street, seating 3,000, with a large central chandelier of exquisite appearance, was crowded from the organ at one end to the gallery at the other. This vast assemblage was touched and influenced in a way wholly unprecedented. The General and his address were the one subject of the hour, and the *Daily Sun* recognized the public importance of the event by devoting next evening nearly two pages to verbatim reports, the editor and his assistant working all night for this purpose.

At ten o'clock Wednesday morning, the General addressed a gathering of ministers and Christian workers in John Street Presbyterian Church, and at eleven o'clock caught the cars for Port Hope, on the north shore to Lake Ontario, and only sixty-three miles from Toronto. A splendid meeting was held in the Methodist Church, attended by two judges, and all the ministers and storekeepers in the town. The General was also the recipient of an address, presented by the Mayor. Here, also, Mrs. Booth rejoined us.

At eventide, we sandwiched into Brigadier de Barratt's territory, halting at Lindsay.

The Platform was Besieged,

and with shoutings and trumpeting, the General was conducted by the Brigadier to a platform just outside, the courteous Chief of Police assisting to keep a pathway through the pressing throng. Such a reception has rarely agitated Lindsay before. Every church possessed of a bell set it ringing; the fire-bell rendered a new and pleasant duty; cannons were discharged, and flags floated from many prominent buildings. The Brigadier at once called for cheers for the Army veterans, and these were given with deafening heartiness. Then Mayor Walters presented the sentiments of the citizens in a prettily-illuminated, velvet-lined address, and signed by 100 well-wishers, including Senators and members of Parliament. The President of the Y. M. C. A., the lady President of the Women's Temperance Union, the Ministerial Association (in the person of Rev. R. Johnson), and the representative of the Christian Endeavor followed on behalf of their respective constituents. To each of these bodies, the General gave his blessing with a depth of tenderness that won and reached all hearts, nor was he unmindful of those outside the hall of their religious influences, but in yearning terms invited them to come to Jesus.

Bands, banners, torches, stretching for half a mile, serpented the streets to Judge Dean's, where, at supper, the General met the ministers and leading citizens. The wonderful

Change in Public Opinion

may be gauged when it is remembered that soon after the opening of this corps, Brigadier (then Captain) Scott underwent twenty-one days' imprisonment for open-air work.

To get 3,000 at a rink meeting, out of a total population of 6,000, is, after making

(Continued on page 8.)



Editorial Notings.

THE CAMPAIGN CONCLUDED.

This week we conclude our reports on the General's East Canada Campaign. They have been full of interest, and have chronicled such a series of triumphs as fall to the lot of few men to win. The great personality of the General, which has found scope for the display of its powers in the world-girdling Salvation Advance, and the equally wide-spread and heroic attempt at disentangling the knottiest Problem of the century, is recognized thoroughly by intelligent and God-fearing Canada, and thus it is that from the greatest to the least of her sons, she bids welcome, and honors in a thoroughly unstinted fashion the Great Religious Leader and Social Emancipator, whom we delightedly acknowledge as General.

WHAT PRACTICAL ISSUE ?

Every Salvationist must appreciate the treatment that has been given our General. Now, then, what is to be in practical effect on the War ? We must not let the honeyed plaudits of Canada's generous appreciation lull us to sleep on the laurel crowns of past accomplishment. No, no ! a thousand times no ! The General's last electric words to the British warriors were, "FIGHT THE GIANTS." He is far too wise a General to be deceived by the present lull in the storm. The millennium is not yet here. Don't slacken the pace. He does not. The Commandant, replying to our request for "Topics," said, "It is impossible, the General *will* have meetings piled on and on ; he does enough work to completely wear out two ordinary men." Now here is the example of our leader in a nutshell : Who will follow ? Up and at it, reader, brother. Fight the Giants. Down with the devil. Unfur the blood-and-fire flag. Go ahead. Let us compel the attention of every sinner to the Cross of Jesus.

SELF-DENIAL.

Our next great organized battle is the Self-Denial effort. Self-Denial is right, comrades. It is the very essence of Christ's religion. The Selfish Condition into which man fell when he lapsed from primal purity in Eden, Christ will not recognize. Right over the door of discipleship stands the heaven given flat, "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny HIMSELF, and take up his cross, and follow Me." In this Denial of Self, the Army invites the Christians of to-day to share, more especially from December 1st to the 8th, now for some holy emulation. We are a poor people, but our accumulated littles has already astonished the Christian world and provoked it to jealousy, and Christ approved of a widow's two cents more than the rich man's big bills. Don't despair if you are poor, remember the old saying, that God does not look at what we give, but He notes the amount that is left in our pockets. Let us give so that He is pleased with what is left for ourselves.

GIVE AND WORK TOO.

Another point, comrades. Not only must we give, but *get*. No soldier can be spared from the effort. The rank and file must win and fight. Individual valor and grace is of first importance in this Self-Denial effort. Do it cheerfully, with a single eye to God's glory, and never say die ; the greatest

DIRECT FROM THE GENERAL.

Self-Denial Week.

WHAT AND WHY ?

BY OUR GENERAL

(Specially contributed for the Canadians
"Cry.")

Self-Denial Week again ! Oh, dear. What a bother. What is the good of it ? Is it of any service to God or man ?

Yes, my comrade, friend, or whoever you may be that asks the question. Self-Denial is a very good thing, and I think I can show that it is a good thing for you.

Self-Denial is Good for the Body.

When practiced on the body it is the all but universal opinion of those who have any knowledge of the question, that this is so. The habits of luxurious and superabundant eating and drinking that prevail are injurious to physical strength, and unfriendly to the duration of life. The plainest diction people are the hardest.

If it is good for all the year round, it won't do you and me any harm to practice it for a week, say, instead of being injurious, it may do us good. A doctor was telling me a few days back in speaking on this theme, that he was a physician to a certain prison in this city, and that in the case of particular offenses it was the custom of the authorities to send the men to solitary confinement, with a five days' bread and water diet, and that they invariably came out better in health and vigor than they went in. Seven days' moderate abstinence may act as a useful medicine to my readers. Try it. It will be a cheap contrivance, anyway. I can testify from the experience of a lifetime, but especially of later years, that the plainer the table, and the more moderate the use I make of it, the better I am in health and spirits, and the stronger I am in faith, and, consequently,

The More Hard Work I am Able to Turn Out

for my Master and mankind.

Self-Denial Good for the Purse of him that Practices it.

A prominent feature in my Darkest England Scheme is the collecting of waste materials in the great cities. "Salvage" we call it, and it is going to prove a most valuable means of delivering the submerged from their woes.

victory generally follows the toughest battle. Do not give in ; be determined to conquer every time. God is with and for us, and more than all that can be against us. WE SHALL WIN. HALLELUJAH !

COLONEL NICOL COMING.

This week we chronicle with peculiar pleasure an event which will be appreciated by the Editor very much, as well as by Toronto comrades generally. Colonel Nicol, the Editor-in-chief of three British Salvation Army weeklies, is coming to Toronto. He wields vast influence. We shall welcome him heartily.

THE LATEST.

Press Telegram—"War Cry."

NEW YORK.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Brilliant continuations General's New York campaign. Two huge meetings in Church of Strangers and Cooper Union, Sunday ; not originally in programme. Added seventy more prisoners to record, beating total. General at Waterbury, Monday. Drew forth universal expressions of unqualified friendliness and enthusiasm. Welcomed at station by General Kellogg and mass citizens. Two parades and two immense gatherings. Largest buildings. Twenty-eight hundred passed turnstiles. Presentation addresses, all sections of community. Masterly and eloquent expressions. Army's principles and progress. Yesterday, General, Jersey City. Notorious sinners captured. General progress of campaign give unmistakable evidence of salvation power. General's influence and assurance of greater victories to come. Our leader is in fine fighting form.

A. M. NICOL,
Colonel.

begone condition. Oh, if we could only collect some of the waste gold and silver that abounds, the surplus cash for which people have no immediate useful employment, that which does not produce what is consumed to profit, or, what goes to the cursing instead of the blessing of its owners by feeding vanity, sustaining idleness, or fattening pride and conceit, oh, how would this waste money furnish the means for saving the bodies and souls of multitudes ! If the rich farmer had given to the Salvation Army of his day his surplus crops and revenues instead of hoarding them for the purposes of gluttony and revelry, he would have been welcomed as a wise man to heaven, instead of being driven as a fool to hell.

"I would not act thus if I were an agricultural millionaire," say you.

Well, perhaps not. Then, if you would not act in this spirit on a large scale, don't do it on a small one ; and if it costs you a little, well, come along and deny yourself by laying up a little more of your money in that Celestial Bank which can never fail, into whose money chambers no thief can ever break through and steal, and whose

MANAGING DIRECTOR IS THE KING OF KINGS.

Self-Denial is Good for Your Reputation.

Reputation signifies what other people think about you, and when they see you give something, and do something that costs you something, when they see you make some real sacrifice to save their souls, or to save someone else, then they will believe that you are not a mere talk, but a reality.

Someone sent me a book last week to prove that there was no hell. The only argument I glanced at in it was that the Christians made it evident that they did not believe in hell themselves because they did not put themselves about to save anyone from it ; that is,

THEY DID NOT PRACTICE SELF-DENIAL.

Now, if you want to be considered other than a farce in your religious belief, you must practice Self-Denial, not only to show that your belief in hell is a reality, but your belief in heaven and the Judgment Day and the existence of a just God and of His Christ, Who sacrificed Himself by dying for you and them upon the Cross.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL ORDER.

Re SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

The dates for SELF-DENIAL WEEK are fixed from Saturday, December 1st, to Saturday, December 8th.

By Order of

THE COMMANDANT.

A word to our many contributors : We have reluctantly cut down, or held over, many reports, etc., purely for lack of space. The General's magnificent reports had to take precedence, as no doubt our constituency desired, and consequently much other copy was crowded out.



"India's Commissioner," MISS LUCY ECOTT (Ruhani Bai).



COLONEL HELLRG
(Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, International Headquarters)

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The part realization of that long-looked-for event—the General's visit—has not come without leaving a chapter in Canadian Salvation history, full of cheering significance. Now there is for a time a suspension of the campaign, we may look back and reflect. What have we to learn from the object lesson of the visit so far as it has gone?

First and foremost, we are confirmed in our love for and appreciation of the General himself. Our Labor Leader. since the first hour he set foot on Canadian soil will remain with us as an inspiration for many a long day. Age,

notwithstanding it has silvered his locks, has, seemingly, failed to subtract one iota from his ever youthful vigor. He has led on with a ceaseless flow of talk, energy, and labor, when his younger Lieutenants have found it all they could do to keep pace with him. His spirit is absolutely tireless, his courage unceasing. Hardly had he been in Halifax a couple of hours before he ordered sixteen extra meetings to be added to the already too heavy program. His addresses have seldom lasted less than an hour, and often as long as a half. Of these he delivered the tidy sum of sixty-five in less than a month's time. He travelled over two thousand miles, and, including Newfoundland, conducted seventy meetings, addressing eighty thousand hearers. When I bade him adieu on the cars for New York City, the heavier part of his tour might be said to be only beginning. Such toil and devotion in the General's life-work has contributed largely to the making of this concern. Comrades, it is a suitable moment to note and copy. A faithful imitation of our leader's labor will touch every target at Self-Denial.

While we appreciate our General, we may also congratulate ourselves on the unstinted praise his visit has evoked from all parties for the Salvation Army. Everybody has re-awakened to the fact that the Army has

accomplished all sorts of marvels, and most splendid have been the outpourings and flattering congratulations heaped on us from all sides. It is nothing short of a miracle that a movement starting out, despised and unfriended, should in eleven short years so establish and consolidate itself as to command the attention, admiration and support of the leading men of the nation. The General was only a month with us, and the most important part of his time has yet to come, but already Presidents, Lieutenant-Governors, Cabinet Ministers, M. P.'s, and Mayors, to my knowledge, of leading religious personalities and civic officials, have turned out to salute the brave workers, General Booth, and his work, the Salvation Army.

And among them all, none were more hearty, and none came with words more pleasing to us, than those representing the Catholic Church. On several occasions marked appreciation was shown for the General and his work by prominent men among the great section of Romanists, comprising so large a portion of our population. Nothing could have been better than Quebec, and no contrast more sharp than the reception accorded to the Salvationists in Chief, and that meted out to his followers years ago in the ancient stronghold. To see the vast concourse of people who crowded into the spacious Rink, listening with almost respect for two hours, was a significant sight. It showed how Catholics had come to respect a movement, —indeed, while at the opposite pole in many vital points to that of their own, yet followed in sincere humility and severe practicality the spirit of the Nazarene and the spirit of His Cross. The Salvation Army has a destiny to fulfil yet for the Catholic world, to sure as we live. Oh, for the victories of France in Quebec!

And the need of the Salvation Army and all it represents in Canada has increased us more forcibly than ever. While there have fallen from the lips and heart of its founder the simple principles of our movement, one could not help but feel what a dreadful lack of Christ's true Christianity there

was, are, and what a poor mistaken view of Christ Himself. Certainly of Christ sentiment and Christ imagery, there is abundance, but that is too often the very opposite of Christ. The image of Calvary, to the normal Christian is a sort of emanating beauty, a Cross of high artistic workmanship, a Man perfect in all detail, a braw serjeant, wearing a crown of thorns so exactly plaited that by no means the briars shall prick a lovely, peacefull, placid sort of art which might the more easily be adjustable to the worldly get-up of the sort who admire it and protest to follow after. But not so must many such have thought while the General was operating, in the Cross uplifted as the hope of mankind by the Salvation Army. Hitherto we have not endeavored to steal from Calvary its great significance. Our Cross is still the old rugged tree, whereon we expect the most lonely and best persecutors, for on by the refined haters, still locusts, snare, and wasp their hoofs, but such a Cross, signifying as it does self-sacrifice, is the only way to the Crown. While doubtless, therefore, there may be some who regard the Salvation Army as somewhat out of place in a small town where fewer publicans and sinners abound, and where the population is composed more extensively of well-educated lovers of the world, we are inclined to think that Christ has most need of true imitators where He has met false copies.

The results of the Harvest Festival effort show that once more we have to report victory. The scheme which four years ago did not exist, but failed to become one of the most substantial sources of income to our exchequer yet devised, in 1892 we started with a score of three thousand dollars. Last year we doubled on that figure, and rose to six thousand. The return this year shows all probability we shall increase the amount to seven thousand. This is all the more striking when it is considered that our effort was divided between the effort and the arrangements for the General's visit. A thousand thanks for all the self-sacrificing toil represented! Ten thousand congratulations to everybody!

Time is too short to go into anything like a detailed review of the results, interesting Brigadier Scott, as they are. A general and hasty survey will, however, be helpful. The Province, judged the Champion, by their increases on last year, which is perhaps as fair as any method, seeing that each did so well before, would come out as follows:

EAST ONTARIO TAKES THE CROWN.

When Brigadier Scott secures the superb total of \$1,262.92 as against \$668.85 the previous year, this actually doubles his figure, bringing out an increase of \$605.06. Brigadier Scott and his compeers deserve the heartiest congratulations to us all. He has them.

After them comes our champion team down west. They show an increase of \$491. This, on the top of their magnificent rise last year, call for enthusiastic cheering. Well done, Major Read!

Next is Brigadier Jacobs and the West. We are getting used to their record-breaking achievements that we are apt to under-estimate their significance. Here we have an increase of \$304.65. West Ontario follows after with a \$124.65 increase. Then Newfoundland, where notwithstanding the fact that the odds were as great in their case, in consequence of all the others being at the General's meetings last at the critical time, they have over \$700 against \$253.75 last year, leaving Central Ontario for once, and only once, 1 victory to predict, in its history in the year. Other heavy demands of a financial character made on the Province, seriously handicapped Brigadier de Barri, but look out for the averaging record when Self-denial comes.

Perhaps the best method of judging the corps is by their targets, outside a few places in The Best Corps. The Central Province. These were fixed in nearly all cases with great care and consideration of local circumstances by those who were in a position to know. To have struck them, therefore, was to have accomplished all that could reasonably be expected. But many more than struck them. Here is a list of corps reaching their targets, and also of those doing more than their targets:

Here is a list showing the twenty-six best corps increases on last year. Victoria still heads the list, notwithstanding she had to increase on a superb total of \$300 last year. Well done, Adjutant Archibald!

Victoria did nobly last year. Last year, their plucky band raised \$565.05. Their target this year is \$600.

Third on the list is Prince Albert. These comrades raised no less than \$370.20. This year we are urging Prince Albert to raise \$380. The Mounted Police will assist us.

\$359.05 was Brandon's total. Now, Kasius and Capt. Green. The very fact that for months this town has been nearly bankrupt should spur you on to score a triumphant

victory and raise at least \$360, or ninety-five cents more than last year.

Surely if Winnipeg raised \$300 during last H. F. H., she should add another for the coming SELF-DENIAL week. Last year sweet little Prince Albert pulled W.F.'s flag down, but look out this time, P. A. Winnipeg has done heap in the financial line of. Go in for \$400 this year. She got \$317.37 last year.

S. D.—\$5,000.—S. D.

Calgary last year defeated New Westminster. Last year Calgary raised \$277.85. This year \$300 is their target.

S. D.—\$5,000.—S. D.

New Westminster did grandly for Harvest Festival. We have put them down this year for \$300.

Can Portage la Prairie raise \$250? What did they do last year? Echo answered \$210.61. Surely with very little difficulty they will raise their '94 target amount, which is \$250.

Last year Nanaimo raised \$205.25, and that with all the expenses of a new barracks to battle against. Now that the heat has broken, she should easily raise \$250.

There is not such a vast difference between

Out of the forty-four districts in the Dominion, not counting Newfoundland, forty-three show an increase of the totals of last year. This speaks well for the district officers, but there are six districts that call for special mention. Three D.O.'s, who have succeeded in bringing every corps over their target. This is an accomplishment worthy of the utmost praise. The names of these veterans are:

Ensign Coombs, of Ottawa District.
Ensign Scarf, (?) of Cobourg District.
Ensign Bradley, of Chatham District.

Who will challenge these for Self-Denial?

Now for the biggest fight, and proudest victory of the whole world. After last year's record, which brought Canada out second on the International list of increases, I think we might challenge all the earth. We are poor, and very insufficiently armed, and in many cases wretchedly under officered, I admit, but we have courage and pluck enough to attempt anything. We are inspired, too, by the triumph of last year. What has been done can be done again, may it stand, by the blessing of God.

Much will be said in these notes from now till the date fixed for the opening of the battle.

From Dec. 1st

to

Dec. 8th.

As evidence of the utility of our plans, I note with gratitude that they are being copied in other parts of the world. The hand-book, by universal consent, a great help. It will be in the hands of officers of all ranks ere this Cuy is issued. Last year's plan of campaign will practically be repeated. Every corps has its target, every officer has his code of duties to his hand in readable and handy form. It is my intention to refer to the victories of last year next week, and to show where the tug of war will come in next December.

One chief incentive I must mention here. I want to hand the General, on his arrival in Canada, a statement, showing that we have topped the Dominion target, and taken the situation by storm. I propose to pledge myself to secure an autograph letter from the General himself to the ten best district officers, and also a letter dictated and signed by the General to a certain number of F.O.'s who do their best. More of this later.

We are to be favored with a visit from Colonel Nicol, the champion War Cry Editor of the world. It is not needful to introduce him to Canadian War Cry readers, as doubtless they will recognize the life-sketch printed eighteen months ago in our WAR CRY, dealing fully with this veteran Salvationist's career. Colonel Nicol is a Scotchman, who inherits a double portion of the Scott's power to think. But it is through no morbid, sentimental channel the Colonel's thoughts flow out to the world. He is a man of war, and his paper is the organ of battle. I am quite sure his coming amongst us will be one more incentive and encouragement, and certainly we shall send him home realizing how enthusiastic and loving we Canadians can be. Many blessings await you, Colonel.

Newfoundland is doing her share bravely. For the second time she comes splendidly to the assistance of the more needy parts of Canada. The contingent of twenty officers, Newfoundland, just landed at North Sydney, speak volumes as to the spirit of self-sacrifice abroad in the hearts of her Salvationists. To leave friends, and home, and country, and traverse four hundred miles of ocean, and another thousand on land is no light cross for these home-loving people. God bless them ten thousand times ten, multiply their number, and give them the desire of their hearts in the salvation of souls. The names of the party are:—

Ensign and Mrs. Tilley; Capt. Baird, Capt. Baldwin, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Clarke, Capt. King, Capt. Day, Capt. Bradbury, Capt. Knight; Lieut. Pittman, Lieut. Clark, Lieut. Stephen, Lieut. Clark, Lieut. Butler, Cadet Downey, Cadet Brown, Cadet Maldment, Cadet Davis; Candidate Rice.

the size of Edmonton and Prince Albert, and yet the latter was away ahead last year. Now, Edmonton, go for P. A. Your last year's figures were \$163.55. We have put you down for \$300 this year, and hope you will double it.

S. D.—\$5,000.—S. D.

Emerson's target this year is \$150; Calgary's, \$120; Moosejaw's, \$100; Selkirk's, \$100; Rapid City, \$80; Morden's \$80; Neepawa's, \$75; Moosomin's, \$50; Vernon's, \$50; Lehman's, \$20.

Fort William should defeat Port Arthur. For instance, Carberry will no doubt give Emerson a hard time of it.

Moosejaw's target is the same as Selkirk's. Though Neepawa is set up for \$75, she really ought to go ahead of Rapid City and Morden.

Little Vernon has been backed against big Moosomin.

Though there are no officers just at present at Mount Lehman, yet Bro. Routley, his family, and other brave comrades there, will assist, I believe, to the tune of \$200.

S. D.—\$5,000.—S. D.

\$4,240.69

Was Raised Last Year in the Western Province During Self-Denial Week.

THIS YEAR WE ARE GOING TO AIM AT FIVE THOUSAND.

When I have proof before me that the Western Province, with its then limited number of twenty corps, raised \$4,240.69 during last S.D. week, it simply astounded me; much, however, is the fact.

Perhaps it would be wise before writing any more to give a detailed list of last year's figures. This list should be cut out at once by every Western F. O., L. O., soldier, and friend. It should be posted in their scenes, or on the wall of their quarters, or home, for continual reference:—

VICTORIA, \$836.75; VANCUVER, \$365.05; PRINCE ALBERT, \$370.20; BEAVER, \$350.05; W.L.D., \$317.37; CALGARY, \$277.85; NEW WESTMINSTER, \$241.65; Portage, \$210.61;

THE GENERAL'S NEW WORLD TOUR

(Continued from page 5.)

Li due allowance for those who drove in from fifty, sixty, and seventy miles round, astonishing. It is a fact all the same. Over this huge turn-out our enthusiastic Presbyterian supporter, Rev. Mr. Johnson, delighted to preside, and in warm-hearted eloquence, gave it as his opinion that the S. A. had stirred up the churches to more social effort during the last twenty-five years than a whole century had produced before, and in that time had also reclaimed more desolate men and women than all the religious organizations of Great Britain and America put together. He believed it to be the common platform on which all denominations could and would ultimately meet to forward and seek the one aim for which they existed — "that which was lost."

Very much worn out as he was, the General rose superior to all physical drawbacks.

"What I am going to say," he prefaced, "may help to break down

Walls of Prejudice

and bring men closer, shoulder to shoulder, to march forward to the conquest of the world for Christ, to the sweet music of the songs of Zion." (Applause.)

He added, "Can't we shake ourselves loose from the worldliness which, like a canker, seems to be eating its way into the very heart of our churches, and, linking hands and hearts, go for the salvation of these multitudes who are perishing for want of knowledge?"

"If any work in the world is God's work," the chairman afterwards commented, "it is the work of which we have been bearing to-night."

Judge Dean applied the Master's response to John's enquiries to the address, "Tell him what you see—the dead raised to life."

As we departed from this enthusiastic halting place next morning, the corps and numbers of friends lined the depot. Brigadier de Barratt asked the soldiers to kneel, and together they pledged themselves to be true to God and the S. A. Our Chairman of the night before also prayed. The General adding a final benediction.

From the railway centre of Lindsay we migrated to the rich agricultural district of Peterboro, detraining at its chief town, which is also christened by the same name. The town has six bridge approaches over the Otonabee river, and numbers a population of 8,000. Fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago

A Few Solitary Settlements

commenced the city, with the inhabitants

of which bears and other wild animals were unpleasantly near neighbors. The thirty miles to Port Hope had to be trudged for supplies, and our hostess told us of a sad occurrence in connection with this. A family had run short; the father set out, but before the provisions could be brought home one of the children had succumbed to starvation.

PETERBORO.

Peterboro. Toroughly raw riv., that's the word. William Booth, on Whitechapel jested and egged, and General Booth in the circumstances attending his positively royal reception in Peterboro, is a transformation unfeared by the brave old Christian missionaries of '65 and '66. Glory be to God: "A small one has become a strong nation."

As the General reached the platform he was greeted by Mayor Kendry with a hearty hand shake and was introduced to several of the local clergymen and other citizens who were in waiting. He was then conducted to a carriage drawn by a fine team of grays, and the procession was formed that proceeded to Central Park. The local and district officers and soldiers came first, followed by the band. Then came the carriage containing General Booth, Mayor Kendry, and Commandant Booth and his wife. The next carriage was occupied by Col. Lawley, M. D. C. to the General, Rev. W. R. Young, B. A., and Dr. F. F. White, while the third carriage contained Staff-Capt. William Brigadier de Barratt, Rev. J. J. Rice, and Rev. A. MacWilliams. The streets were lined with a great crowd eager to see the renowned man who had organized and managed with such wonderful success the Salvation Army.

In the civic welcome which was tendered the General, the Mayor said:

"We have seen, too, that year real for humanity, inspired by the Spirit of Him Who proclaimed the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, has been confined to one sphere of action, and your place for the elevation of the fallen, the we of the neglected, and the aiding of the poor in large cities, especially in your own great city across the sea, has won world-wide admiration."

And in replying, the General said:

"I thank you, Mr. Mayor, comrades and people for this hearty reception. I have tried, I can say I have tried with all my might to carry out the purposes outlined in your address. From the day of my conversion, I have seen these purposes, seen the size of the world, and have tried to ameliorate the miseries of the people. I have endeavored to follow the path outlined, and God has given me abundant blessing. The only sorrow I have is that I cannot carry out His promise more fully." He again thanked them for the well-wishes. He referred to the similar ones he had received since his arrival at Halifax. This resulted in his further bumbling and谦逊地 referring to the joy it was to do good. He

thanked God for the opportunity he had of doing so. It was the luxury of luxuries to do good. The chief joy of his life had been to lead men to Christ. It had cheered him forward in the great work, and sustained him through the fight. He expected it would sustain him until the end of his life. He lived to tell and work—good honest productive work. It should be the joy of all men to be employed as representatives of God and soldiers of the Cross. It was his inexpressible delight to gain territory in his warfare, to win lands and prisoners, to report victories, and endurance, and suffering, to win people from the low, evil habits that degraded and disgraced them, to win them from hell to heaven, from bondage to freedom, and from the service of Satan to that of God. He hoped this was the experience of all. He implored them to love and work for God. He presumed some were still slaves of their own selfishness and servants of the devil. He invited them to join—not the Salvation Army, though there was no better—some Christian organization. As ever man should,

IN THIRTY-EIGHT ARMY THE BEST.

Every man should think the cause of his own church. If he thought the Methodists were better, he would go over and join them. He wanted the ladder that would reach the farthest down and farthest up. He hoped there would be a climbing on of the ladders. If they could not kill the devil, they could take some of his prey, go and rescue those that have no one to help them. Through the Salvation Army had many faults, still he believed they were the best sort on earth. They should do all they could to get to heaven, and die blessed by using the Army expression, and when they got there they should shout over the victories on earth."

A very enjoyable part of the day's proceedings was the banquet at the Army barracks. There were hundreds present. It was a happy, busy scene.

The Drill Shed, being probably the largest building available, was secured for the night meeting. Brigadier Scott, with his aides, were smart and sharp as soldiers. In the arrangement the shed was decorated to the roof, profusely, with flags, supplied and arranged under the management of J. J. Turner & Sons.

It goes without saying that the General's appearance on the platform, accompanied by Commandant and Mrs. Booth, elicited a cyclone of welcome shouts and expressions of delight.

J. R. Stratton, M.P.P., was unavoidably detained in Toronto on business, and was unable to preside, much to his regret. Friend Mayor Kendry, ably did duty instead.

Accompanying the General were Mayor Kendry, who presided, Mr. Jas. Stevenson, M. P., and Dr. Fife.

In making his introductory remarks the Mayor said, "We have before us one of the greatest generals the world has ever produced."

The General's address was a splendid weaving together of the main facts of the Army's spiritual and social advance and the principles which underlie it. He combated the criticisms which have been levelled against the movement, and his ever recurring shafts of soul-piercing truth sent red-hot into the consciousness of the vast audience, maintained the soul-saving character of the demonstration. It was a magnificent meeting, and in it the General won all hearts. Peterboro will long remember the visit of the greatest salvation chieftain in the nineteenth century has produced.

Something of the General's volume, on behalf of the destitute and oppressed, may be gathered from the following quotation: "They say you want to classify them, help the deserving, and leave the undeserving. Leave them! What, to rot in their misery? I protest against this. No man here would like God Almighty to deal with him on the ground of desert. If a man is down, no matter how he got down, I say let us help him up if he is willing to get up." (Applause.)

A most touching scene was witnessed when just before mid-night a group of devoted officers and soldiers assembled at the railway station, and the General, who had five minutes to spare before train time, stood in the midst, and with the familiarity of a father, talked out his heart. It was beautiful to listen to his words, simple and so good. At these moments he seems to let each one into his very heart. There stood the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, Brigadier Scott and do Barratt, Staff-Capt. Sharp, and others. In the first gleaming of the torchlight the faces of all reflected the deep sympathy and devotion that all were feeling, while the General's tall and commanding figure, marten-cloaked, and wearing the well known tall hat, formed the centre of a picture which cannot soon fade from the memory any more than the gracious and intense words of those who were present. May God bless and bring back in safety our dear General. Meanwhile, let us FIGHT THE GIANTS.

JAY SEC.

When morning had taken the place of night, we rapidly approached Montreal, where we stayed long enough to breakfast at the quarters. Regarding the care, the General and the Commandant had a touching parting. "Kiss the boy for me" were the last words from the car steps. A little later Lake Champlain burst on us in its beauty, and the White Mountains grandly carried the horizon. At Albany, Commander Ballington Booth sprang to the care. We follow the course of the Hudson River, and at 9 o'clock on Friday night, Mrs. Ballington Booth, accompanied by Colonel Eddis, bids the General ten thousand welcomes to the mighty metropolis of the New World.

Higher Than the Highest!

"The first Canadian campaign is over. What is your verdict, Commandant?"

"Oh, it exceeds, in every way, my highest expectations. It has raised the whole Eastern country, inspired the Army, done genuine good. As for myself, the communion I have had with the General and the assistance I have derived from him, has been of incalculable value. As to the future—wait till you come to Toronto!"

Will all our comrades pray that by that time our dear Dominion leader's health may be fully established? The worn face of the Commandant was the most unsatisfactory thing we left behind.

JUST RECEIVED IN STOCK.

A QUANTITY OF NEW ARTICLES, AMONG THEM THE FOLLOWING:

Latest Photos of the General. Cabinet, 25 cents each. Latest Lithographs of the General at 20 cents each.

Illustrated Articles of War for Soldiers. Design and frame. Beautifully lithographed. 10 cents each.

A new quantity of Musical Salvationist Sing Books. Words, without the music, in the first five volumes, 15 cents each.

"Salvation Soldier's Guide" at 35c, 50c, and 75c.

"Life of John Wesley," 40 cents.

"Life of Rev. Moffatt," 40 cents.

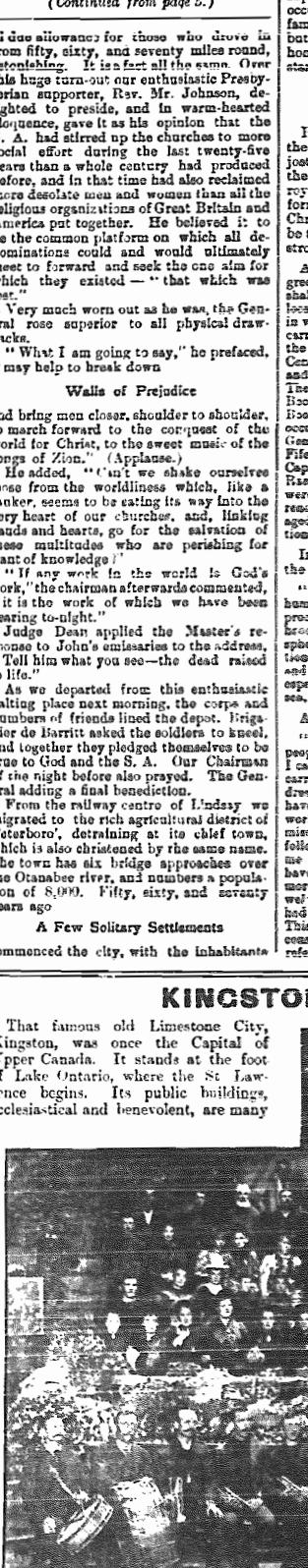
"Caughby's Sermons," \$1.25.

"Life of Rev. Marston," 40 cents.

"Life of Rev. Kasson," 40 cents.

RECONCILIATION WEEK.

Third Week in December.



"BROTHERS ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS,"
"BROTHERS ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

You will have an unusually favorable opportunity to secure this blessedness in the coming

RECONCILIATION

3rd Week in December.

Editorial Notes.

The Commandant returned from his tour with the General, and plunged into work with a voraciousness that was almost fearful. The Editor was piloting a Salvation corvair (Australian word, means native war feast) at Lippincott. When in the middle of the prayer-meeting Ensign McMillan arrived with urgent orders to the Editor to repair at once to Headquarters. On arriving at Headquarters the Chiefs of Departments were found present grouped around their leader; despatch was on their faces. There has to be something magnificent done for God and the war ere the General returns. The WAR CRY is in it, the Trade operations, the Social wing, the Light Brigades, and the Mercy Legion. Every finger of the Canadian fight will feel the thrill of new blood and nerve electrifying it. Besides all this the Headquarters' atmosphere is charged heavy with SELF-DENIAL electricity. The Commandant stayed in his office one whole night perfecting plans, and there is such a general excitement on, that the whole Dominion ought soon to be in a high Salvation fever. Look out, everybody! War to the death is declared.

The Editor and Mrs. Complin had a first-rate time at Richmond St. on Sunday. The veterans, Adjutant Manton, and "all the Editorial Staff" were present. "All the Editorial Staff" came up in the afternoon, but found itself late, so went home dismayed, but bravely returned for the night attack. Revival meetings are being planned for Richmond St., and a great victory is anticipated. We quote one of the testimonies given: "Sunday morning I was up early after whiskey. For forty years I was a cheater, for thirty a drinker, and nothing (emphasised) but the power of God could have changed me." (Hallelujah!)

A soldier of the Temple, Toronto, who also happens to be Editor of the WAR CRY, visited Lippincott on Thursday. Captain Savage and the Temple band were there also. A grand lot of badsmen, and their music has a glorious ring of Salvation enthusiasm in it. Mrs. Complin, Ensign and Mrs. Turner, and a number of other comrades were present. The Editor reckons it was the liveliest meeting he has had in Canada. It travelled at express from beginning to end. The central part of the great hall was full of people, and the platform had a large number of soldiers on, too. Lippincott is going up.

Yorkville barracks held a very good congregation on Friday, when Major and Mrs. Complin were up to the meeting.

"Wide awake" is the very least you can say of Major Read. One of his latest devices is an enigma envelope, stamped with a rubber stamp, bearing a capital representation of the General's features, and under the bust the words, "General Booth is coming."

The Printing Department have long been rushing through with Self-Denial matter. The supply is now completed, and very soon will be in the hands of the officers.

"We take a great interest in the CRY, and the machinery ceases here for some minutes after the postman's knock is heard ringing upon our waiting cars on Tuesday morning. The CRY gets first attention."—MAJOR MAJOR READ.

The Workmen's Hotel people, at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, are heartily obliged to the managers of the Toronto daily papers, Globe, Mail, and Empire, for their kindness in sending regularly a copy of their valuable paper free.

"We think the report of the General's meetings here just grand."—MAJOR MOHAN, Newfoundland.

The women of Territorial Headquarters are exhibiting much energy in prosecuting various comparatively out-of-sight branches of the war. Our leader, Mrs. Booth, has conducted two meetings and Staff tea this week—one for the women officers of the Social Wing, and the other for Staff officers attached to the spiritual branches in connection with Headquarters. We also chance to hear most wonderful things of Mrs. Booth's tour in quest of finances.

Mr. Brigadier Holland is taking up the cause of Mercy work excellently. As



Thrown to the Lions—A Self-Denial unto Death.

Secretary for Mrs. Booth in this branch, she has a fine field for work, and from the success already attending her efforts we anticipate for the League a very prosperous winter's work.

"We have received the WAR CRY at our Provincial War Office, and think it very nice and readable. It seems to me a great improvement."—MAJOR MOHAN, Newfoundland.

We received a number of H. F. photographs which show how much effort, pains-taking effort has been put into the decoration of our barracks at our H. F. celebrations. Our comrades will be sure not putting their photographs in the CRY. We can only produce very limited numbers, and "have done what we could. We are pleased, however, to receive the pictures.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is mete, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

SOLDIERS!
SOLDIERS!!
SOLDIERS!!!

Now's Your Opportunity.

OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS.

We are in a position to supply Overcoats for Men, with and without caps, Women's Ulsters, long cap, in a great variety of material. We shall be glad to receive your order early.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, without cap, from \$15.00 to \$20.50; with long military cap, from \$19.50 to \$26.00.

WOMEN'S ULSTERS in Melton, Beaver cloth, Serge or Worsted, from \$12.00 to \$23.00.

SAMPLES and SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS sent free on application, to any address in the Dominion. Please state what lines you desire.

UNIFORM SUITS.

They are still in demand, cloth in all varieties asked for. Suits made up from \$12.00 to \$20.00. Pants from \$3.75 to \$7.00. Tunics from \$8.25 to \$13.00. Bandmen's Uniform a specialty.

WHITE HOUSE NOTES

--ON--

Self-Denial.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Undoubtedly the General's visit has done a tremendous lot of good in awakening interest. The Press has given the public to understand that the Army is alive in this part of the world.

We have just had a Staff change. Ensign Gage has taken command of Halifax district. Some of us will have to keep our eyes open.

Self-Denial. What, but we will make a light, and a warm one, too. Ensign H. G. has gone West. Ensign Dohrlesey takes York district. The Training Garrison has been transferred from St. John to Yarmouth. Ensign Mathews has at last been relieved from the Garrison work, after many years of hard toil and good result. She takes charge of Chatham district. Ensign Bradly has taken Moncton district. This is a difficult sight, but the Ensign and his wife are the people to do it. Ensign Galt has Prince Edward Island district. The Ensign and Capt. Marney are a good team. Ensign Hughes is on his way to the far North-West. The Lord go with you, Ensign.

Twenty Newfoundland officers arrived at Sydney a few days ago, unexpectedly, as far as we were concerned, but just in time for the change that was taking place in the field. We bespeak for them a successful future.

In St. John district Capt. Dyan and his aides who have done a noble sight at No. 1, have taken their departure; also Capt. Feare, of No. III, and Capt. Raynor, of Carleton. Ensign and Mrs. Tilley, with Lieut. Davis, take No. I, Capt. and Mrs. Jeannings, No. III, and Capt. Gamble and Capt. Bishop, No. V., and Capt. Carrey, Carleton.

Captains Knight and Wrightman are to be married at Bridgetown, by the Brigadier.

Capt. Creighton has received marching orders. He has been a long time at the Eastern Headquarters.

There is a party of officers transferred west, in number. Most of these have recently come from Newfoundland; others have done long service in the East.

We are about to erect a new barracks at Fredericton. The contract has been signed and everything is in readiness; it is to be of the modern style, and will be a splendid affair. The plans are drawn according to the Commandant's directions, and it will accommodate about six hundred, with officers' quarters attached. Capt. Byers will have his hands full.

Mrs. Major Cooper has recently taken command of Windsor corps.

The writer, in company with Ensign

Hughes, spent a week-end at St. Stephen. They had splendid meetings.

We wish our officers would spend their War CRY money not later than Saturday morning; some of them should send it on Friday night. Please don't blame us if we have to write or wire a little severe on this matter; we must keep up to the times. Work is very plentiful at the White House.

CHIEF ASSISTANT.

The G. O. P. Self-Denial Target.

BRIGADIER DE BARRATT.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY IS Self-Denial. To give, to toil, to sacrifice for the object we love is easy. Love is the main-spring of service. Granted a heart full of love to God, and man, and self-denial and self-sacrifice is a natural outcome and result. Self-Denial has produced one of the mightiest and most powerful religious organizations that the world has known. An increase of the Self-Denial spirit means greater usefulness and blessing, and a mightier gathering of souls, and a sacrifice that is well pleasing and acceptable in the sight of God.

A TRUE SALVATIONIST REJOICES in the opportunity of SELF-DENIAL at all times, and is especially thankful that his leaders have given him the opportunity of participating in a united effort, when in every part of the world tens of thousands of his fellow-comrades are talking and practicing SELF-DENIAL. The soul that lives nearest to God, who has the clearest sense of His favor, and who has drunk deeply of the spirit of the Cross has the kind of SELF-DENIAL that we need for 1894, and the best preparation for a real successful SELF-DENIAL effort in a live, red-hot prayer meeting in every corps from one end of the Central Ontario Province to the other.

EXPERIENCE IMPROVES EVEN A FOOL, and the wise man profits thereby. There are few officers and soldiers to-day who have not had some previous experience in SELF-DENIAL efforts, and the thoughtful, intelligent worker will calmly and thoughtfully think out the source of every victory, and the reason of every defeat. He will carefully cherish the memory of the one, and wipe out the other by a glorious victory.

THE STIRRING WORDS OF OUR DELOVED GENERAL will ring in my ears, "to the land, to the land, to the land!" Canadianized we might exclaim, "To the country, to the concession, to the farm!" and that officer who can make the best use of the untold stories about him, and which the country affords, will be the officer who will come right out to the top for the great SELF-DENIAL struggle in 1894.

ONE OF THE FIRST PRELIMINARY STEPS is for every officer to summon a special meeting of his local officers, and probably some of his older and more experienced soldiers. They will then playfully and thoughtfully consider; first—what they themselves can do; second—what they can influence others to do.

Even so, we will be carefully mapped out, and districts to be worked over will be submitted to each District Officer who, in turn, will forward them to me in Toronto. Every commanding officer will, therefore, forward immediately to his District Officer his plan for working the districts of his command, which the District Officer, in turn, will forward to the Provincial War Office without delay. As a next step, the Field Officer will personally confer with his District Officer as to what workers can be got to visit these districts. The help of outside friends will be solicited and obtained. Everyone will be asked to co-operate, and now everything is ready so far as the land is concerned. Having arranged for his own town or village, the next thought that will occupy the mind of the officer and District Officer is what can we do for the country? Hero social meetings must be arranged in every available building for ten or eleven miles around? The meeting should be held at night, and distribution of envelopes should take place the next morning. Another meeting should be held on the second night, and the envelopes will be collected at that meeting, or the next morning from house to house.

OUR PROVINCIAL TARGET FOR 1894 has been increased by our Commissioner at \$4,085, being an increase of \$1,335.46 on last year. This will mean an increase of \$40 for every corps. Some corps will increase double, and some others will get into the three figures. However, more later on, and in the meantime, pray, work, think, and seek wisdom and blessing from above.

I HAVE SHOWED YOU ALL THINGS. How that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of our Lord Jesus, when He said. It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xi. 35.

S. D. NOTES

FROM THE

Financial Secretary.

Hurrah! The Commandant and Mrs. Booth's application to the Government for a yearly grant to the following institutions has been successful. Hallelujah!

The Toronto Women's Rescue Home.

" London " "

" Toronto Children's Shelter.

The Toronto City grant to our local institutions will also be forthcoming in due time. Self-Denial. Things have been considerably already. Great dash and spirit to get off the printed matter. It is not a question as to whether we shall break last year's MAGNIFICENT RECORD or not, but how much above that will be the result? The Commandant has again hit upon something which will help matters considerably. A new idea? Certainly. What is it? Read thoroughly and carry out systematically all the instructions given in that "EXCELLENT AND NOVEL WORK" of our beloved leader, the "Self-Denial Hand-Book," and you will come across it. By the way, I see by the English *War Cry* that this idea of the hand-book is being carried out this year by our comrades over the Atlantic. Can they do better than follow us? (Great silence. Could hear a pin drop. After careful thought) No, they cannot.

We felt sure last year that we should not be the only country who would use the "Hand-Book" when the time came around again. Who can produce anything better?

The scheme MUST PROVE A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS ANYWHERE, in any corps, under any circumstances, and under any difficulties, where there are willing hearts and hands who will unitedly work by these instructions. Were they not prayed about, thought over, written and re-written again personally, by the most experienced mind we have amongst us, who has arranged Self-Denial schemes since the scheme were first commenced, and who has proved the best and most effective in obtaining the best results? They were! But for ourselves. Did not we prove that ourselves last year by the splendid figure reached? We did, and shall again. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether will do it.

The financial office will help, not only to count the cash, but go out and collect their share of it, as they did last year. The Commandant has fixed our target. Think not, beloved brethren, that we simply remain by the staff. It is not known that Head-quarter's Staff went from door to door last year and took off the mites? The Commandant and Mrs. Booth included. It is not a question with our leaders of "go" but "come, follow me." We reply to the echoes: "Ready! Give the word, sir, and we follow to win. We must win, we shall win."

Just a word ABOUT THE BAIRNS. Now Captain, give them a better chance this year, show them how to do it. Set them in their positions, and amongst those "little ones" you have the bravest and most willing hearts in your corps. Never mind low esmail. Give the baby a chance, too. "He's too small yet." No, no, no! Place him where he can be seen and admired (as you generally do, of course, why not?) with his little box in his lap, and his admirers will find his smile or his frown will be an additional appeal. Let his admirers be practical for once and give him something.

A voice from Captain: "He is too young yet." Mrs. Captain "could not think of doing such a thing."

We also promise—to train all in it who may be under our influence and authority for faithful and efficient service in the Army."

Captain—"Speechless."

Mrs. Capt.—Ditto.

VICTORY!!!

"So much for Self-Denial." "Next point." (A little hit more re Self-Denial, please, Mr. Editor.)

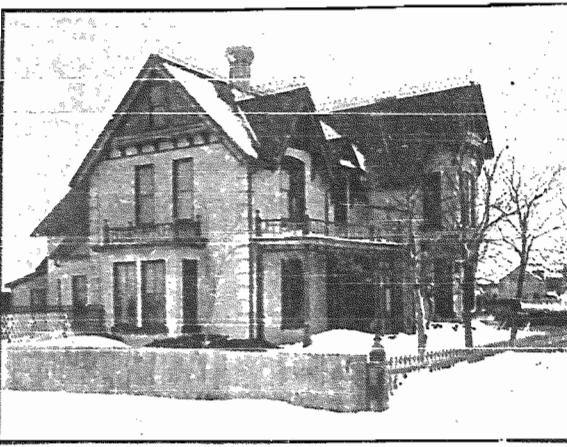
"Don't forget to give baby credit for what he does, Captain." Let us see it entered up in the "Hand-Book." Captain: "Entered up! On my word, thanks for joggling my memory. I will enter up the book this year in proper form."

Re Order: "What a nice barracks they have got!" "Yes, it's a beauty. Another of the Commandant's models." But Frederon will be better, and — will be better still, if the corps will push on and raise enough cash to carry out the Commandant's latest model building scheme. The plans are top-top. Bravo yet.

What corps do you refer to? "Push on and collect all you can. It will not be yours unless you have the wherewithal. This must be forthcoming."

"Birds in the hand," etc.

Finance! Finance! Is all the go now. Now that the Commandant is back again, he is going carefully through everything, personally, sparing no effort to try and improve things for all concerned. Praise God for the way He is helping us.



WINNIPEG'S NEW RESCUE HOME.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." "And cattle on a thousand hills."

Thank God we believe many will recognize this during Self-Denial, and will not hold back from the Lord His own ("a tenth of one's income"). No, that is only "a part of the price," neither will they hold back their own. Whose own? What is your own?

"I'm not my own, oh no. Savour, I belong to Thee."

Whispered: "Silver and gold, too. Yes, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. Yes, they'll do for the Social Farm."

Self-Denial again! "Yes, it's on the brain."

"And then came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought," etc., etc. Read for yourself, comrade, my time is too limited to write it all down—Proverbs xxv. 12.

Self-Denial! Yes, we'll glory in it!

My first notes should receive encouragement. Surely the Editor will not deposit them into the W.C.T.U.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and Thou shalt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing. Then shall make all his bed in his sickness.—*Psalm xli. 1.*

Woollen Underwear for Winter

At the following prices—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per suit.

Women's Underwear for winter at 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00 and \$1.25 per garment. Guernseys for Men at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.40 each.

Cardigan Jackets \$4.50 each.

Cashmere Socks at \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25 each.

TRIUMPHANT OPENING

— or —

Winnipeg's Large, New Rescue Home and Children's Shelter.

SEVENTY DOLLARS' COLLECTION.

Tears and Laughter.

purposes to this Home.

We believe this is a move in the right direction, and will be a stimulus and a blessing, not only to the Army workers, but to the ladies of the W.C.T.U.

Oh, the stories we should like to tell of victories achieved, of the spiritual results being accomplished, but remembering the Editor's gentle hint in a recent *Carabao* "conceding," we forbear.

MIN. MAJOR READ.

"They shall be called the

CHILDREN OF GOD."

Who? PEACEMAKERS!

Where? Anywhere, but more particular opportunities afforded in

RECONCILIATION WEEK.

3rd Week in December.

HOW THEY DIE.

"I Shall Soon be There."

ST. GEORGE, N. B.—While passing this place en route to Le Tete, I learned, with much sorrow, of the death of our faithful comrade, JOHN TAYLOR, a member of the firm of Taylor Bros., granite merchants of this place.

I visited the widowed mother, and heard from her lips an account of his departure.

He was one of the oldest and the most faithful of St. George's soldiers, and when the place was closed down, he still remained a soldier, wearing his badge at all times, and in all places.

He suffered for about seven years with

That Dreadful Scourge—Consumption, and about one year ago had an attack of *grippe*, which left him in such a weak state as to incapacitate him for work. About five weeks ago he took to his bed, never to rise again.

His testimony was something beautiful to listen to, his constant cry was, that he was ready to die, and the promise God gave him when He saved him.

Shortly before he died, he called some of his unused acquaintances to his bedside, and pleaded with them to serve God while they had health and strength, remarking that had he himself put the matter off until the present moment, he would not be able—perhaps—to settle his mind enough to see his soul's safety.

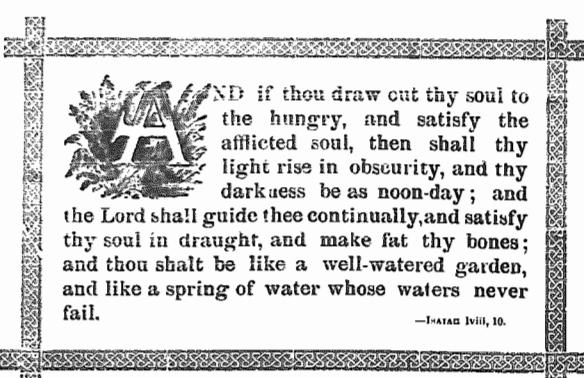
At four p.m., he called his brother to his bedside, telling him how much he wanted to go "over the River." "I shall soon be there," he said,

"The World is Nothing to Me, I shall soon be at rest." And so he was, for six p.m., the same day, October 2d, his spirit passed away to be with Jesus, whom he loved so well. He was given a soldier's funeral. Brother McLean of Le Tete corps, took charge of the arrangements, and the ministers of the different denominations in St. George took part in the service.

He was laid to rest on Sunday, and was followed to the grave by a larger number of people than was ever known to attend at similar gatherings.

CAPTAIN TUCK.

Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure you mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.—LUKE vi. 38.





CHAS. STEWART, Bed-Room Steward,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

Halifax I.—A wanderer returned to his Father's house. Lieut. Goodwin farewelled. Good meetings and attendance on Sunday.—Capt. Major CASSEN.

Springhill Mines.—One prodigal has returned to his Father's house. Sunday, we had Captain Peers with us. Good meetings, good crowds.—Capt. PRINCE.

Clock's Harbor.—One sister has come to the Lord for pardon, and two others sent for the blessing of a clean heart. The devil is in an awful rage.—Capt. BENNETT.

Sarnia.—Since taking charge, five souls. Their lives have proved that God has wonderfully changed them, as pipe, tobacco, and novels all were put in the fire. Sarnia is a beautiful town.—Captain and Mrs. FLORENCE.

Onomee.—At the close of the Sunday night meeting, we rejoiced over three precious souls at the mercy-seat. This makes nine in four weeks. Candidate Staatsforth and Brother Moore, from Lindsay, were with us.—Lieut. STEPHENS for Capt. HALFANT.

Greenspond.—A child has been given to the Lord. One soul in the fountain. Nine souls for the week. To see mother and Father Berry dance! Cadet Legge has to return home unable to work; he desires the prayers of every officer and soldier. —Lieut. MCCLONN.

Amherst.—On Wednesday last we were ministered by Staff Capt. Howell and a party of officers just from Newfoundland. It was a good time. Ensign Tilley led the testimony meeting. Capt. King is with us for a while, till further orders. Three souls lately.—Capt. PARSONS.

Utica.—The General has gone. His meetings were times of great blessing. Some we heard him will hold different opinions regarding the Salvation Army. Officers went to Kingston Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Ensign Cowan left in charge. Two souls yesterday; five souls at the mercy-seat.—Capt. Major CASSEN.

Moosomin.—At the "grand meeting," the kind friends brought about \$10 worth of provisions, and everyone enjoyed the music. Hall packed Sunday night; good meeting, deep interest, and conviction stamped on many a face. One soul for the blessing and on for salvation.—Capt. KADEY.

Moosomin.—We had a pound-meeting. As we looked down on that table, which stood in front of the platform, we could not help thinking that although the Moose Jaw people may have little money, still they have big willing hearts. Singing, and music, and reading.—Capt. FROST, Lieut. KARR.

Brantford.—Souls, souls, souls, is our cry; victory, our song. Brigadier Margeret and Ensign Cass for week-end. Three souls for pardon, two for a clean heart; thirteen enrolled. Captain and Mrs. Florence Thursday and Friday, and then made it interesting. Saturday and Sunday last, big crowds; two souls.—Capt. WIGGINS.

Brantford.—Some desperate characters have been saved from a terrible life of drunkenness. We had Capt. and Mrs. Florence with us. There are a host in themselves. Mrs. Florence said, "Who is the first to lay a dollar on the door?" Out came a gamblin' man, of course. Mother, gave a very interesting lecture on the Rescue Work. The G. B. M. man was on hand with his boxes.—J. REA, S. C.

Prescott.—We have had the long-awaited visit from our dear loved General. God made him a blessing to us. We have also changed Lieutenant Lieut. Hill, who has been with us for some weeks, has flourished and gone to Coaticook; Lieut. Michel has come, and we welcome him as a child of God. On Sunday, conviction was stamped on the faces of a number, and we are believing and praying for them to step out. Glory!—Capt. STATA.

Hant's Harbor.—Councils over. Back to our corps much encouraged to go forward. We reached our little Harbor just in time to see the funeral of one of our soldiers whom God has called to help swell the ranks in heaven. Nearly all our comrades home from the Labrador. As they take their stand on the platform, we can guess by the happy smile on their faces that the past four months have been times of victory. Our poor backslider returned to the fold.—Lieut. WINSOR.

Lisgar Street.—"I am in this fight to win," testified one of our comrades at drill, to which our heartsaid a loud "Amen." With Adjutant Souchal and Ensign Phillips to lead us on, we went into the day's conflict confident of victory. Afternoon, forty on the march; a resting time. Inside, an enrollment, when five took their stand as soldiers. Some clapped, others waved their handkerchiefs. Beautiful time at night. Marches and crowds better. Two souls.—Cadet. ADAM GRAHAM.

Galtville.—Our beloved and venerable General has left deep impressions. Prominent, intermediate, and all classes are still rehearsing the grand scheme for social reform, which our General made so clear with his illustrations, and by showing the B.B.C. commands to be. Our bar; it was a success. (Editor, if you only could have gazed upon those tables, and the five hundred faces who participated in the sumptuous repast all through!) The following Saturday, our open-air was in the demonstration of the Spirit. The collection was over \$2.

On Sunday, Ensign McNamara was present. One sister at the Cross.—A. A. R. S. C.

Brantford.—Old-time revival; it was a rouser. Brother and Mrs. Fisher farewelled for the field once more. They take charge of Sarnia as Cadet-Captains.

Thursday.—A drunkard's demonstration. Some desperate testimonies. (See to his experience from the bar room to the pentitent form.)

Saturday, Brigadier Margeret to the 'rest. Sunday, glorious and profitable. One out for salvation, and another for a clean heart. 2:30 p.m., Ensign Cass made his appearance. At eight, the bunch bishops made it pretty lively. They are a noisy lot. Made it there long till one, two hours past. Glimmering windows—participants encircled thirteen. A brother said he was drunk from January last till two weeks ago, when he fell at the foot of the Cross.—J. B. HEALY, S. C.

Carbonear.—Harvest Festival has been a success. Target was set for \$300; that would be a rise of \$8 on last year's. We were determined to reach it or die. We start collecting for ten o'clock, and a soup supper, and potatoe, etc. At the ten o'clock, we had good attendance.

Captains Clark, Pike, and Batt are here on furlough. Capt. Clark favored us with a sketch, and Captains Pike and Batt with a reading.

The tent cost supper, however, a few or two of good soap. We did not have enough to supply all. So the next best thing we thought would be to have more soap on Monday. We did, and proved a success. The boys pronounced it good, too; so we finished up with \$31.25—two dollar over our target.—Ensign FISHER.

Listowel.—Since last report another soul has come to the fountain. But as we are trying to preach truth and righteousness, our hearts have been grieved at the way the devil still deludes people to lie down, down, down.

Great excitement has prevailed here, caused by the cruel murder of Ensign Keith, a farmer's daughter, living about two miles from Listowel. The night the body was found, the writer, with some more comrades, went to the swamp where hundreds of people had gathered. The sight that met our eyes was a sad one. The papers cannot paint the too strong. Pen and paper fail to describe it. I had to turn away and say, "My God, when will people hate sin?" It was not for sin that young girl would lie there in that lonely place, with her life so cruelly taken away. May God have mercy on that man's soul, if I may call him a man; he was once his mother's boy, loved and cherished, but sin has come in. Oh, cruel sin!—Capt. RUTLEDGE.

Halifax II.—Harvest Festival overwhelming, and far ahead. Long upon loops, festoons and trimmings, all of evergreen, were to be seen on every hand, while the immense arch, decked with flowers and snowy-white letters, seemed to prophecy success. Two large tables were filled with fruit and vegetables, while flowers were there in superabundance. At one corner was a coop made of laths, and for the time being was the home of half a dozen chickens. Fancy articles hung side by side with children's dresses, made as Salvations make them—plain. No. I band was

there, and Ensign Hunter and other officers, with a big crowd. It was a howling success. The united picnic was a grand affair. Being Labor Day, many took advantage of a holiday to go up, and something like eight hundred were present. Souls are being saved and sanctified. Death has visited our ranks, and Sister Bowers has gone home after only three days' illness. She was "sanctified to go." We shall miss her. Farewell meeting of Junior Sergeant Harvey, who leaves for Garrison. They go, some to glory and others to the harvest field. Two sisters saved.—SARATOGA.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.—LOVE CONQUERS.—The little quarters' kitchen looked very attractive in the beautiful electric light. There was the table with its spotless white table-cloths and shining dishes, with the neat little stove with its warm coal fire, and kettle singing cheerfully as though to welcome me. All this I noticed at a glance, when after a long and rather tedious ride on the train, I last landed at what was to be my home for a time; but that was not all I noticed. Over on the almost spotless wall, right before my eyes, hung the beautiful, real, true words, "LOVE CONQUERS." Perhaps you would like to know where I found them in an Army quarters? Yes; it is needed everywhere, in our homes, on the streets, in our hearts. Love is the fulfilling of the law. A child may obey its parent out of fear, but it is not conquered. True, the outward actions are conquered for the time; still nothing but love will win the heart and make it obedient.

An aged gentleman, in one of our meetings, said, "I am an old man. I was converted when young, because, although I was bad and wicked, I found out that my Sunday School teacher loved me. Not only did he teach me the way of life, but he loved me, and I knew it; therefore he got my attention, and when he told of Jesus' love, I was brought to Christ."

Another true case will prove that love conquers. A poor drunken woman used to wander the streets of the pretty little town of Sarnia, a disgrace to the town the people said, but having been found out by some of God's children, whose hearts were filled with love, she was won over and dedicated to Christ. She came to us, and today is living for Jesus and heaven. So, after all, love in our hearts for poor, dying souls will help us to win them for Jesus.—Lieut. KIRK.

Winnipeg.—Thursday night was announced the surprise party, but, lo and behold, the surprise party came along a night too soon. However, we had it just the same. A number of officers from the surrounding corps going to their new stations had to pass through Winnipeg, and the trains not connecting properly, they stopped over until the next day. Fortunately meeting with one soul. The fire came upon us. Two souls out. Saturday night's subject, "Prohibition in effect. Several testified to the power of God to save from the drink devil."

The holiness meeting, blessed time. The night meeting was a combination meeting, salvation and memorial together; big crowd. One of our band boys, Bro. David Clarke, has gone to heaven. His instrument was placed on the seat where he used to sit, his place on the platform empty. Mrs. Read invited some to come and fill the place that our brother had left vacant. Mrs. Chapman and Bro. Davis testified to what a blessing Bro. Clarke had been to them; also Ensign Rawling gave a testimony that an outsider gave him. He spoke very highly of him. One came out to the pentitent form, but he seemingly did not understand, for he got up and went out unawed. Some more pleading and some more prayer brought three more out. They stayed until they got through. After returning a thank-offering to God by way of a collection on the drum-head, we wound up a good day's fight.

Home happiness and how to get it versus self, pleasure, drink. Mrs. Rawling read the lesson, and spoke on the three subjects—grief, pleasure, and drink.

Hallelujah Wedding at Pugwash, N. S.—One of the most important events in the history of the Army here was a hallelujah wedding in the Methodist church.—S. A. was going to become the wife of Charles Tyler, Treasurer of Halifax II.

At seven o'clock the people began to stream into the church. Ensign Creighton would not be present, but was represented by Captain Hoar, who took the platform, accompanied by the Rev. R. HILL.

The Rev. A. S. Tuttle, uncle of the bride, led in prayer. Sister Mrs. RAO sang a solo, "I'll be Thine."

The church organ pealed forth the beautiful noise of a grand wedding march as the wedding party entered.

A few testimonies were given, interspersed by old choruses. Lieut. Ada Tuttle soloed,

"The Story of Calvary."

Capt. Hoar read, after which the articles of marriage were read. The interested parties stood forth and were made man and wife.

The bride was supported by her sister, Lieut. Ada Tuttle and Bishop L. B. Wilson, by Capt. Jefferson and Bro. Wilson, each of whom gave their testimonies.



HENRY HOUSTON, General Steward,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

The Rev. B. Hills then gave a clear testimony, followed by the bride and her sister. The bride gave a stirring testimony. The groom said he was happy, as all could see. First, because God had saved him; and second, because now he had a companion to help him.

Rev. A. S. Tuttle gave an earnest address, in which he stated the purpose for which the money raised from admissions fee would be used.

Capt. Hoar said he had been once before in a place where he enjoyed himself more and that was when he himself was "looked up."

The party repaired to the barracks, where about one hundred and fifty took tea.

The town band gave some grand entertainments.

A. G. C.

"The Salvation Army."—While sitting alone here to night in the catin, I have been thinking a lot about that word "Refuge." During this evening it has been blowing a gale of wind, and while standing on deck we have been watching the schooners, with reefed canvas, as they entered the harbor. How glad the poor creatures were to be sheltered from the storm. But stop, poor sinner, what about the storm that is coming on by-and-by? Where is your refuge?

If you have not got Christ where is your harbor of safety?

If you are not ready for heaven can you brave the storm of God's wrath as fearlessly as the sailor can the wind that sweeps over the briny ocean? Can you dare enter the pearly gates of Heaven with a load of sin upon your soul?

No, no, for God has said the wicked shall be turned into hell with all nations that forget God.

Then, poor sinner, get the anchor of your soul on Jesus, and lay up treasures for yourself in heaven, and you will not fear the judgment.—Lieutenant HISCOCK.

"Glad Tidings"—Twillingate.—We arrived here in time to spend a very happy Sunday. Going up to knee-drill we found officers and soldiers all on fire for souls, so we joined in with them, got our souls blessed, and left feeling sure God was going to do something in that day's meeting. Two poor backsliders came forward and cried for mercy. So we closed with a real good wind-up, and march around the barracks, such as Twillingate comrades enjoy.

Here we spent Monday and Tuesday on account of the weather.

Now we are ailing away for another ten or fifteen days' visit around the bay.

We arrived at Exploits. On account of the wind we had to remain here two nights. Had a grand hero, got real good blessing.

Friday we sail again for Graytown. Real good time.

Leaving Saturday morning, and by trimming and working hard all day we reached Little Bay before night. The breach came at night, one after another came until five o'clock, and found that which caused them to shout and dance. Some of the people pulled out their roses and flowers and promised before the public they would never wear another. One woman said she always said she would die an S.A. soldier. In that meeting five promised to be soldiers.—Capt. J. GESLING.

Mrs. Brigadier Margeret put in Friday at Parkhill, and Saturday and Sunday at Thedford.

Runners of "Hallelujah Weddings" in the West Ontario Province are beginning to rumble in the distance.

SELF DENIAL

DECEMBER 1 to 8.

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

SELF DENIAL



TUNE—At Thy
feet I fall.
(B.J. 91)

1 Dear Jesus, come
with me with
Thy Spirit,
Help me to walk beneath Thy smile each
day;
Tear from my heart these idols that have
hindered
Me from receiving all that Thou hast for
Thy child.

CHORUS.

At Thy feet I fall, yield Thee up my all.
Oh, make my heart the dwelling place of
Jesus.

I hold not back from Thee one idol dear;
Idols that only bring dissatisfaction,
And make my soul to sink 'neath its anguish
and fear.

Dear Jesus, now I give my talents to Thee,
I'll sing or pray when Thou dost give the
word;
Take all I have, and where I've been defeated
Make me a conqueror through Thine own
precious blood.

KATHY ALLEN, Kingston.

TUNE—Storm the forts of darkness.
2 Comrades, all the wide world o'er,
Sæ your voices ringing;
Keep on shouting more and more,
Gibes and trophies bringing,
Shake with holy shot and shell,
All the forte where ens doth dwell,
Down with self—the friend of hell—
And do it all through Jesus.

CHORUS.

What we ask through Jesus shall be done,
shall be done!
What we ask through Jesus shall be done,
shall be done!
The world we mean to win it,
Our triumphs have no limit.
What we ask through Jesus shall be done!
Faith we're claiming that great gifts may
come,
Faith we're claiming to bring sinners home,
Faith we're claiming! Doubt disclaiming!
What we ask through Jesus shall be done!

Down with self! It shuns the fight;
We must help the dying;
Hand to hand now is our deadly
Christ we're glorifying!
Through a sin-bound world derides,
Sacrifice shall fill our lives,
For its front our Captain rides,
And leads us up to Glory!

JULIA PRICKER.

TUNE—B. J. 79.

3 Soldiers, whom God hath saved from sin,
His warriors bold to be,
Proclaim abroad the tidings glad,
Salvation full and free. (Repeat)

CHORUS.

Salvation full, salvation free,
Salvation full and free;
We march along and swell the song,
Salvation full and free.

What matter the fierce foes' abound,
And oft thy cause small,
In Christ, thy light, is power and might,
Thro' Him you must prevail.

The Spirit's sword arm'd in thy hand,
The shield of faith held high,
What power may stay thine onward way,
Or cause thy ranks to fly.

KILLIE HAWKINS, Danville, Que.

MISSING COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites persons, relatives or friends, in any part of the world, interested in any man, woman or girl who is known or suspected to be living in Canada, to write, stating full particulars, and if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We will charge 50 cents for two advertisements (or 25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for any message above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and postage.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person in the United States, Canada, or elsewhere, giving in general terms, stating to the best of your knowledge, what to do to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and none be addressed to H. H. Boote, Commandant, B. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" written on the envelope.

Note.—It is found that the sum of fifty cents will cover the cost of a letter, and can be done with this sum will suffice much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep posted in the course of changing their address. This is most important.

136. **Sheppard, Mrs. Lizzie.** of Brockville, N. Y. Last heard of at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Loring, Loring, N.Y., in 1880, as they have news for her. English Cry please copy.

147. **Glover, Charles.** Left home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, dark brown coat. Aged 12 years. Father, Mr. Charles Glover, deceased. Mother, Mrs. Charles Glover, now of New York. Will be returned by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

148. **Watson, John.** Native of Armagh, Ireland. Went to Barbados for 10 years, then to Liverpool, where he lived until 1867, when he went to college in Liverpool. Last heard of in 1871, aged 22 years. His brother, Thomas C. Watson, now of New York, will be returned by his son, James Watson, 22 years old. His mother very anxious to hear from him. Has worked at lumbering and on railway. New York Cry please copy.

149. **Hamilton, Chas. R.** Twenty years of age, dark curly hair, rather tall. Last heard of at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, 100 King St. E. U. S. His mother and his cousin in Toronto are anxious to hear from him. When last heard from he intended leaving for Los Angeles, California. U. S. Australian Cry please copy.

150. **Glanister, James.** L. P. Cornwell with his wife and a Miss Taylor for 10 years, before first and five years ago. His name is now eighty. When last heard from was supposed to be over 80. Last heard from in 1880, when he was 75. His wife, Australis, engaged in farming. His wife's niece daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, 20 years old, now of New Zealand, with some of the family. Please write Mrs. C. McKenzie, Box 47, Naseby, R. C. Australian Cry please copy.

151. **Marvin, Mr. W.** Last heard of in Woodstock, Ont., English, thin, innocent appearance.

Recently attended the Army of God in Toronto.

Address, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin, 100 King St. E. U. S. Toronto. Amercan Cry please copy.

152. **Taylor, J. A.** Last heard of thirteen years ago, then in Arada, Mao County, Washington, U. S. A. Age 35 years, blue eyes, brown hair, height 5 feet 6 inches, slender. His mother, Mrs. Taylor, 65 years old, is very anxious to hear from him. Address, C. A. Ritter, Mrs. Malach, Miller & Co., 99 King St. East. All Cry please copy.

153. **McLachlan, S. C.** Paris.

TOWN—The Land of Judah. (B. J. 60)

TUNE—Bringing in the sheaves.
4 What a priceless treasure, what a bound-
less pleasure,
I have found in Jesus, Prophet, Priest, and
King;
He of friends is rarest, sweetest, best and
fairest—
I will serve Him truly, and His praise
sing.
CHORUS.

Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
Jesus is my Saviour, glory to His name! (Repeat)

Liberty and pardon, freedom from sin's
burden,
I received from Jesus when I came to Him;
He bestowed His blessing, joy beyond ex-
pecting.
Like a well of water springing up within!

With this heart bollwing, victory achieves,
Always realizing Jesus very near;
In Him always trusting, of His goodness
tasting,
Perfect peace I have while serving His
down here.

Unto me He sendeth joy that never ends, and
His grace to keep me on the sure
way;
I will trust Him ever, till beyond the river
I shall share His glory in the realms of day.

TUNE—There is a better world, they say. (B. J. 11)

5 My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Out of love;
He shed His blood for you and me,
Out of love;

The crimson flood flowed from His side,
Upon His head the thorns were tied,
In agony and pain He died,
Out of love.

Low in the manger He was laid,
Out of love,
Amongst the beasts His bed was made,
Out of love;

The lonely road He trod for thee,
A man acquaint with grief was He,
And died a death of agony,
Out of love.

And yet He stands and knocks and pleads,
Out of love,
And holds to you salvation free,
Out of love;

He died, loud let the message ring,
Out of love;
He rose a Victor and a King,
Out every heart His praises sing,
Out of love.

Wm. McLAULIN, S. C., Paris

TOWN—The Land of Judah. (B. J. 60)

6 Look, sinner, 'tis Jesus that's calling for
thee,
He waits now in mercy to set you all free;
His blood, it will cleanse you for whiter than
snow,
Come, please now His mercy, He'll not say you
no.

CHORUS.

Ob, brother, your Saviour, He died on the
tree!
Oh, sister, your Saviour is waiting for thee!
How rich is His mercy, His love, oh, how
good!
Come now to the fountain and wash in the

blood.

Come now while He's calling, He died for your
son,
Come now, He is waiting to pardon the
whole;

There's joy in His service, 'tis glory to know
The blood of my Saviour makes whiter than
snow.

The harvest is great, but the labourers are
few,
The grain, ripe for reaping, is calling for you;

The harvest is passing, the end draweth
nigh,
Come brother, come sister, awake, are ye
idle.

J. D. G., St. John's, Nfld.

Colonel Nicol

(Editor of the English "War Cry")

Will be Heartily Welcomed

TO CANADA

AT A MEETING CONDUCTED BY

THE COMMANDANT

—ON—

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, IN JUBILEE HALL, TORONTO.